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To Face-Saving : £500,000 a Day

SINCE November 19, when the Cabinet overruled Sir Anthony Eden and decided to comply with America's ultimatum to evacuate Port Said, it has been perfectly obvious that Britain would have to surrender over the Suez Canal also. Before the disastrous intervention, we held a good many diplomatic cards. We had strong backing from the Canal's principal users, and Egypt had already endorsed the general terms under which we wanted to see it operated. Even Russia's attitude, as a detailed examination of the Security Council's proceedings reveals, was by no means wholly intransigent. Except in the matter of Israel's right of passage, there was every reason to hope for an early settlement which would have satisfied all our legitimate demands. By our armed intervention, however, we forfeited not only military cards, which should have been held in reserve, but our diplomatic ones as well; and from that point on, it became clear that the eventual settlement would be dictated by Egypt.

Nevertheless, for the past three months, the British government has refused to face realities. The appointment of Mr. Macmillan, instead of Mr. Butler, as Premier was a desperate attempt to maintain the fiction that Sir Anthony's policy had succeeded: a chance to embark on a viable alternative was then missed. Again, when the Canal was reopened to shipping two weeks ago, the government had another opportunity to accept painful facts and authorise the payment of dues to Nasser. Instead, it chose to maintain the fiction.

But a decision cannot be postponed much longer. With few exceptions, the main user nations have authorised their ships to pay dues to Nasser. British shipowners, who are businessmen even before they are Tories, are transferring their vessels to flags of convenience. Mr. Dulles has made it clear that he cannot long continue to advise American ships to boycott the Canal. His efforts to persuade Nasser to lower his terms have plainly failed. He has fulfilled his promise at Bermuda to use American good offices, and he is now waiting for Mr. Macmillan to accept the inevitable.

Yet even now it is doubtful if common sense will prevail. The government—as its extraordinary ambivalence over petrol rationing reveals—is still divided. Lord Salisbury, though mercifully removed from the centre of power, undoubtedly expresses the view of many Tories when he calls for another session of SCUA to organise a boycott of the Canal. Yet he must know that, at the first plenary session of SCUA, the motion to impose a boycott was never put to the vote because it was known that a majority of the users would vote against it. And at that time—last September—the users were reasonably united in their wish to have the Canal run by an international authority. Today, most of them are prepared to accept Nasser's terms, and their principal anxiety is purely and simply to resume normal trading. SCUA is a broken reed; there is no need to summon another conference to advertise the fact.

Britain can, of course, continue her unilateral boycott. But for every £1 this costs the Egyptian treasury, British interests—and ultimately the British consumer—loses £10. The past nine months should have convinced even the most optimistic Tory that Nasser cannot be overthrown by financial pressure, and that if we choose to indulge in this kind of guerrilla warfare, the British economy is likely to be the main casualty.

There are, indeed, lessons to be learnt from the Suez crisis. We must press ahead with the extension of overland oil routes, with the construction of giant tankers, and with the expansion of our atomic energy programme. We must make good our past failure to support Israel's right to free passage by insisting that Egypt's reaffirmation of the 1888 Convention must apply to Israeli ships, and by reminding Egypt that if she continues to claim belligerency rights, she does so at her own risk. But the principal lesson is also the most obvious one: it is better to use a Nasser-operated Canal than not to use it at all. Our failure to learn it last year has already cost us £500 million, and the bill is mounting at the rate of £500,000 a day. Even supertax-payers would admit that this is a heavy price to pay for saving a few red faces on the front bench.

Comments on the Week's News

Jordan in Ferment

The immediate cause of the political crisis in Jordan was a disagreement between the King and the Premier, Suleman Nabulsi, over the attitude Jordan should adopt towards the Richards mission and the Eisenhower doctrine. Nabulsi, who leads the National Socialist Party—the principal victor in last October's elections—is working for the creation of the Pan Arab "fertile crescent" state, under the leadership of the various Socialist parties. He was mainly responsible for the replacement of the British subsidy by one paid jointly by Syria, Egypt and Saudi-Arabia, and he clearly wished to reject the Eisenhower doctrine point-blank. The King, on the other hand, pointed out that, so far, only Saudi-Arabia has fulfilled its subsidy obligations, and that in consequence the Arab Legion had not been paid for nearly two months. Hussein—who appears to have been encouraged by the Americans—doubtless felt that unless the army were paid soon, the Berber units, who still have a personal devotion to the Hashemite house, would break up, and that his throne would then be in jeopardy. He decided to force the issue before it was too late. The new cabinet is an attempt to form a national government. The premier, Dr. Khalidi, is a Palestinian Arab, and more than half his colleagues also come from western Jordan. Though the Berber east is better represented than in the last government, the retention of Nabulsi as Foreign Minister suggests that the present system of military alliances will be retained. By removing the "king-maker," General Nuwar—even if, as now seems probable, that victory is short-lived—Hussein succeeded in demonstrating that he still has a big following in the army. But he does not seem to have won the main political point at issue: indeed, the new government's first act was to reject all offers of aid from non-Arab states.

Unsatisfactory Report on Briggs

Lord Cameron's report on the dispute at the Briggs factory seems to us a one-sided account. Lord Cameron evidently took at their face value the allegations about Communist "trouble-makers" and gave little weight to the evidence of Mr. Carron, who is certainly no Communist, about the firm's unco-operative and harsh attitude towards its employees. There was, of course, no doubt that the terms of the firm's agreement with the trade unions had been repeatedly broken by unofficial strikes, or that Mr. McLaughlin, whose dismissal the report upholds, was committing a breach of discipline when he rang the famous bell to summon a workers' meeting. But the real question was how the very bad human relations that evidently exist had come about and whether in the circumstances the agreement about negotiating procedure could be expected to be observed. It is not denied that a number of leading positions among the Briggs stewards were in the hands of Communists, who had been duly elected to them by their fellow workers, or that the shop stewards' organisation had built up for itself an exceptionally powerful position going a long way beyond what is formally recognised by the constitution of the A.E.U. and the other unions concerned. It does not, however, follow that the fault lay entirely, or even predominantly, with the shop stewards. It looks indeed as if both the management and the stewards had deliberately decided to take a tough line with each other—with the result that tempers had been lost on both sides. Lord Cameron wound up his report by urging trade unions to investigate the shop stewards' organisation, presumably in order to eliminate the "sinister interests" he believed to have been at work. He would have done better had he coupled this advice with parallel adjurations to the management, or to Fords as the responsible owners, to re-examine their own methods and attempt, in conjunction with the unions, to work out a simpler and more rapid negotiating procedure. Unless this is done, the trouble seems pretty certain to continue.

The Plight of the Aged

The admirable and comprehensive survey of old people in Salford is a shocking reminder that the welfare state has concealed rather than abolished poverty. It underlines once again the conclusion reached in a survey published in this journal three years ago that full employment rather than social security has been the main cause of the decline in absolute poverty and that, despite welfare measures, a large part of the aged population is living in conditions of near-pauperism. For those too old (or too ill) to work, our present system of social security is grievously inadequate. This is the first time that a survey has studied anything more than a sample—the Salford report covers all the 17,000 men and women over pensionable age—but it fully confirms the findings of sample inquiries. Many old people were not receiving benefits to which they were entitled, through ignorance or pride; many of them were isolated and lonely; a fifth of them were dependent upon national assistance. Mr. Roberts, the director of civic welfare, describes in moving terms the real plight of these people, to whom warm clothes, hot meals, and coal are luxuries. We still condemn many old people to sift cinders to recover scraps of fuel, and to eke out their days on bread, margarine, tea, potatoes and more bread. This report suggests that the sooner the Labour Party produces its new plan for adequate support in old age, the better. In the meantime, some local authorities should look a little more closely at the human suffering hidden behind their welfare services. We note, for instance, that no answer has yet been given by the L.C.C. to charges made in this journal about the shocking condition of homeless families in London.

Leicestershire Experiment

The pilot scheme by which the 11-plus examination will be abolished in two areas of Leicestershire is to begin this September. It is an ingenious idea, which may be particularly suitable for rural and suburban areas where the density is too low to make comprehensive schools a sensible or economic proposition. All children will go on, at the age of 11, to "high schools," which will use the buildings at present devoted to secondary modern education. The curriculum of these schools will be extended to provide a grounding in "grammar" subjects, especially in languages. After three years, transfer to a grammar school will be automatic for all children whose parents undertake to keep them at school at least until 16. At the same time, the courses offered at the grammar school will be widened to cater for pupils who have been concentrating on technical or semi-vocational subjects in the high schools. In this way, the demand for grammar school places is reduced by eliminating the early leavers rather than by the arbitrary and, for many children, psychologically distressing test at 11 years of age. The scheme will also help bridge the social and educational gap between secondary modern and grammar schools.

The Norman Case

In the current issue of his *Weekly*, I. F. Stone shows how U.S. witch-hunters use an earlier smear to give substance to a later one. Before Herbert Norman, the Canadian ambassador in Cairo, committed suicide, a Senate committee had heard its counsel, Mr. Morris, say that six years ago there had been "direct testimony" by Professor Wittfogel, a former Communist, that "Norman was a student of his in a Communist group" at Columbia University. Morris also reported that the professor had been asked "at great length and with great precision whether or not in fact Norman was at that time a member of the Communist Party," and that the professor's answer "in great detail" was "yes." I. F. Stone took the trouble to look up what Wittfogel actually said in 1951—as distinct from what Morris claimed he said. It turned out that in 1938, Wittfogel had stayed at Cape Cod with a graduate student who "had sometimes, it seems, study groups assembled in his house." Wittfogel admitted that he only visited this group a few times, and that he could not remember whether it was permanent. He did not even claim that it was a party group as such: "it was a discussion group among friends, of people who belonged to his political creed." He did say, however, that he recalled that Herbert Norman was one of the students present. Asked whether Norman would have known that it was a Communist study group, Wittfogel replied "it was obvious, in general." From this Mr. Morris inferred, "it was obvious, therefore, that he was a Communist." We note only two points. First, the charge made against Herbert Norman this year was a "cooked-up" and inaccurate version of the actual evidence given in 1951. Secondly, when Norman was cleared by an official Canadian security investigation, he proved that he was never in his life at Cape Cod.

Academic and Church Freedom

The letter in last Monday's *Manchester Guardian* from 19 vice-chancellors and principals of British universities protesting against the South African Separate Universities Education Bill rightly emphasises the danger presented to the common principle which binds all the universities of the Commonwealth. This Bill openly aims to bring the higher education of Non-Europeans under direct government control. In effect, it gives the minister power to dismiss any faculty member who criticises the government. Apart from its segregation aspects, this power directly undermines the academic independence which has been a first principle of university education throughout the Commonwealth. So, once the Bill becomes law it will be the responsibility of all universities in the Commonwealth to decide whether they can continue to recognise any of the South African universities, all of which will be under government restraint. The Christian Church is similarly challenged by the South African government's determination to enforce segregated congregations. All the churches in South Africa, with the exception of the Dutch Reformed Church, are opposing this new Apartheid measure.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

After the Ball

Our Paris Correspondent writes: As soon as the Queen's visit was over, M. Ramadier announced a rise in the bank rate. His timing was, to say the least, unfortunate, and has somewhat confused ordinary French people. "*They* spent too much money on entertaining the Queen, and now *we* have to tighten our belts," is a comment I have heard. But better-informed people know that the two events are unconnected, and that Ramadier's latest measures have been dictated by the alarming drain on France's dollar reserves. The deficit has been growing progressively: $86 million in 1955, $170 million in 1956 and $27 million this January, an annual rate of well over $300. By comparison, even the $162 million which France borrowed from the International Monetary Fund to finance dollar oil imports seems inadequate. Moreover, last month, France's deficit with E.P.U. was a record: $94 million. (The deficit is greater than this figure suggests. For the past month, the government has imposed what is called *le ratissage* on the banks. Under this system, a percentage of the assets has to be deposited in gold or dollars with the Banque de France; and this has the effect of raising the central reserve by about $45 million a month.)

In these circumstances, Ramadier had no choice but to impose a credit squeeze to reduce imports. He also hopes to cut government expenditure by about £250 million. The obvious target is the massive defence budget; but M. Bourgès-Maunoury, the Minister, has just sent in a request for £140 million supplementary credits—part of the bill for Suez. It looks, therefore, as though the savings will have to come largely from education and the social services. Indeed, there is already talk of an increase in national insurance contributions.

This is likely to lead to a clash with the unions. Trouble has, in fact, already begun. This week's 48-hour "warning" strike on the railways, which is the unions' response to Mollet's offer of a 2 per cent. wage increase (they had asked for from 12-14 per cent.) is also a warning that the workers are not prepared to foot the bill for the Algerian war. For once, all three unions are united. The strike is due to end this Thursday night, but nobody is quite sure whether it will; "warning" strikes in France have an unpleasant habit of prolonging themselves, and most Parisians—who have unpleasant memories of August, 1953—are staying at home this Easter.

Santiago

Second Blood for Ibanez

A Special Correspondent in Santiago writes: The rioting here in the first days of April has been used as an excuse by President Ibanez to take special powers and to smash the democratic opposition. The President, who was elected in 1952, had previously been dictator from 1927 to 1931, leader of the unsuccessful Nazi *coup d'état* in 1938 and of other attempted revolts in 1940 and 1942, and the candidate of the Agrarian-Labour Party, which was formed by the remnants of the now defunct Chilean Nazi Party. His first four years of office have seen a staggering inflation, and the present trouble was sparked off by a decision to raise bus fares by another 50 per cent. This decision came just after the government had been defeated in congressional elections—and these elections themselves had been preceded by revelations of corruption and conspiracy in high places.

The increase in bus fares was greeted by mass demonstrations of students and workers, which were brutally suppressed by the police. By Tuesday, April 2, more than 20 people had been killed and over 300 injured. That afternoon, the police in Santiago were replaced by soldiers. By four o'clock, the police had been withdrawn but the troops had not yet arrived. At that time, the student committee and the trade union leadership ordered their members back to their homes as they had been warned that the government was preparing some kind of provocation.

Soon afterwards, truckloads of thugs—many of them just released from the city jails—entered the centre of the town and proceeded to loot it, without any interference from police or troops. After three hours, the mob was called off. It had done its work well enough for the radio to give hair-raising accounts of "Communist vandalism" and for Ibanez to secure from the Congress "special powers" to arrest, imprison or deport to concentration camps anyone who opposes the regime, and to censor or close down newspapers.

Some of the newspapers, including *Ultima Hora*—an important democratic daily—told the truth about the riots. The same night, police and troops seized *Ultima Hora*, injuring several of its staff members and smashing its equipment. This action has liquidated both this newspaper and others published at the same press. After the raid, 29 journalists and technicians from this press were sent to concentration camps in the south of Chile—among them two messenger boys, one aged nine and the other 14. Other journalists—including the correspondent of your journal—have been forced into hiding to avoid arrest and deportation.

Dar-es-Salaam

Ban on Nyerere

A Correspondent writes from Dar-es-Salaam: By intent, or by political stupidity, the government of Tanganyika is creating an explosive situation here. The Tanganyika African National Union is a very moderate organisation, and its leader, Julius Nyerere, is an intelligent and responsible politician. But the government has recently forbidden him to speak at Tange and Arisha, where meetings had already been arranged for him. The reasons for this ban were that Nyerere had stirred up racial hatred—he had merely answered a local newspaper's claim that Africans were insulting Europeans by saying that this was the opposite of the truth—and that he had attacked a speech made by the governor.

The government public relations officer then told the press that Nyerere was "not muzzled." The T.A.N.U. immediately applied for permission to hold a mass meeting in Dar-es-Salaam, where the Union can attract an audience of 20,000 people. Verbal permission was then given, on the condition that Nyerere himself did not speak; but the next day the union was told in writing that the usual meeting place was no longer available for political gatherings. An application for another site was turned down on the grounds that the works department was using it, but the Union was offered a stretch of mud and marsh. It is worth noting that there has never been any disorder at the previous meetings called here by the T.A.N.U. Finally, permission was given for Nyerere to speak at an indoor meeting, restricted to members of the Union.

At the end of March, Nyerere visited an outlying village. No meeting was arranged; the authorities had even refused permission for a dance. But Nyerere's car was met more than a mile from the village and pushed by a singing crowd to a place where the whole village—and people from miles around—had come to see him. See him, but not to hear him because that would have made the gathering an illegal assembly.

There is no doubt that the mass of the Africans are behind the Union. In three years it has made them enthusiasts for self-government—but this enthusiasm could be peacefully contained if some of their demands were met. The Union has so far insisted that constitutional progress is not only right but possible, and it asks for general elections in 1958—not in three or four constituencies—with full adult suffrage, though it is willing to concede an official majority at this stage. But its leaders feel that the government is trying to provoke them either to break the law, or to violence. They want to do neither. Yet they have daily evidence of the hostility of the government and its supporters, both towards the Union and towards the United Nations. While the government, which represents 2,500 whites, insists that it wants "economic progress"—and to judge from the attitude in a recent strike, this means low wages—it denounces the eight million Africans and the U.N. for thinking only of "political change."

Reykjavik

Base Politics

A Correspondent writes: The 3,000 American airmen and troops garrisoning the Nato base at Keflavik, 30 miles south of here, are the focus of a bitter West-East struggle. Conservative and other anti-Communist factions in Iceland—encouraged by the U.S. and Britain—are trying to gain majority support for the retention of the U.S. forces. On the other hand, a strong local Communist party, helped by nationalist sentiment, is pressing for withdrawal.

The "westerners" point out that Keflavik is essential both for local and Nato defence. For Icelanders, it provides a free defence force (Iceland has no army, navy or air force of its own) ready to hold off any possible invasion. For Nato countries generally, it is a key base for North Atlantic sea defence, provides a ready-made missile platform within striking distance of the Soviet Union, and it is an essential stopping-place for ferrying planes and military supplies from North America to Europe. Those who oppose the base concede these points, but add that the existence of the base is an open invitation to attack. In addition, they claim that the base is a provocation to the Soviet Union that will result in continued local pressures—probably bringing with it regular disruptions of the domestic economy.

Icelanders are deeply proud of their literature, music and art. The nation's 165,000 people are amazingly literate, supporting some 60 publishing houses, dozens of magazines, nine newspapers in Reykjavik alone, a symphony orchestra and an excellent National Theatre. About 28 per cent of the country's annual budget goes to subsidise educational and cultural activities. The group campaigning against the base complains that 3,000 U.S. soldiers in Iceland (equivalent to about

three million stationed in Britain) may corrupt this culture by bringing in rock 'n' roll, comic books and other less enlightened American pastimes. Yet American troops are rigidly controlled—few are allowed into town at a time, and hours and activities are carefully scrutinised.

In recent years Icelandic fish has been priced out of North America and even some British markets, and this has meant a growing dependence on the Russians, who have "helpfully" concluded a number of barter agreements. As more capital equipment flows into Iceland from the Soviet bloc, the country becomes increasingly dependent on this source for spares and replacements. For this reason, the "westerners" see a double importance in the Nato base—first as an alternate market and source of capital funds (about $10 millions in construction will be undertaken at the base this year alone), and secondly as insurance against any possible Russian intervention in the guise of protection of trade.

From the point of view of Nato, the situation is serious. The "westerners" are not united and Communist influence is growing. "In the long run, we stand to lose no matter what happens," an Icelandic journalist said to me. "If the Americans stay, there will be continual agitation and local disruptions by the Communists. If they go, we shall quickly fall into the Soviet orbit. And in the event of war, we'll be a target whichever side occupies us."

Westminster

Sandys Misfires

When he opened this week's debate on defence, Mr. Duncan Sandys, obviously and not unnaturally, decided that the Labour opposition in general and particularly Mr. George Brown, were leading from weakness. So, for nearly half his speech, he played upon the well-publicised divisions which have recently disturbed the Labour party. He played very subtly. There was no vulgar jeering, no sarcastic analysis of the contrasts between what Mr. Brown had said on the one hand and what Mr. Zilliacus had said on the other, or of what Mr. Richard Crossman had said on the one hand and what Mr. R. H. S. Crossman had said on the other. On the contrary, with that slow purring smile of his he emphasised agreement, not disagreement.

That Labour resolution of two years ago about the necessity for a British H-bomb—the government wholeheartedly agreed with it. The Brown broadcast — the government wholeheartedly agreed with that. That Crossman article in the *Daily Mirror*—the government agreed with it even if Crossman now did not. Skilfully, uncomfortably for Labour, Sandys gently rubbed in agreement until Labour could bear it no longer. First Mr. Harold Davies and then George Brown himself exploded; and, at that, Sandys dropped his obliqueness. His final shot was direct. "It is fascinating," he said, "to watch the fission-fusion-fission on the opposite benches. One only wonders which way the fall-out will go."

This was good parliamentary stuff. It seemed to put George Brown into the hottest of hot spots. One began to wonder how either Brown or the Labour Party could possibly avoid yet greater indignities as the debate proceeded. Yet in the end, Sandys' tactics failed, rather miserably and for several reasons. First of all, Brown showed that he could point to disagreements every bit as deep on the government side as those in the opposition. But, having shown this hand, he deliberately did not play it. Instead he acknowledged that on such a subject as the hydrogen bomb there were bound to be disagreements—among scientists, churchmen, politicians, ordinary people. There were so many uncertainties to bewilder and terrify them all. How could anyone be sure that he was right? When fresh knowledge, or at least fresh theory, was showering on us every day, how could a man believe that what he had said last year must necessarily be right this year. In a few short sentences he completely disposed of Sandys' 30 minutes of banter and released much of the tension which had been apparent on the Opposition benches.

That left us free to reflect more steadily on the rest of Sandys' speech; and here at once was an interesting surprise. Here was a Minister of Defence, tough, thorough and able, opening the first debate on a defence policy which has been described as revolutionary. Surely we could expect a sober exposition of the policy.

Yet the Minister had given us half an hour of political banter and half an hour of nothing in particular. Could it be that in fact the new defence policy had not yet been worked out? Had the Minister, who notoriously likes to take his time, worrying a subject until he has completely mastered it, in fact been worried by a publicity minded Prime Minister who wanted immediate defence cuts to help the Budget? Was the new policy really nothing more than a rough mock-up? Was it not Sandys, rather than Brown, who was leading from weakness and trying to cover his weakness by political sparring?

It looked more and more like it. For in the latter parts of his speech, when he tried to meet Labour's fear that the new policy, such as it was, would make nuclear war more likely, he fumbled himself into a number of propositions which obviously he had not thought out. When he said that it might be possible to use tactical nuclear weapons without provoking full-scale nuclear war, the House came near to deriding him; and when he had half suggested that a country, finding itself on the losing side in a conventional war, might still not resort to nuclear weapons, he came near to deriding himself.

Brown's performance was in-and-out. He had opened with great effect—and had engagingly won the House's good humour by stating that, after recent experiences, he would, on this subject, stick closely to his manuscript—"and I offer no prize to anyone who suggests the reason why." Then for a time he seemed to lose himself in a whirlwind of words. Where Sandys had been lean on facts, Brown was blown-out with them. But at the finish, a finish for which both the matter and the manner of his beginning had prepared us, he came back unequivocally into line with majority feeling in his party by begging the government to postpone our Christmas Island tests in the hope of getting other countries to agree to the abolition of such tests. His speech was received with relief and gratitude.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

A Talk With Adenauer

THE Chancellor was extremely angry when he read the protest of Germany's leading nuclear physicists. He is not used to opposition from such people, and their argument that a small country like Germany should have no nuclear weapons—and their refusal to "take part in any way in the production, testing or operation of atomic weapons"—provoked his retort that they should mind their own business and leave politics to those who understand them. He is said to have been angry, too, about the British White Paper; it threw doubt on his foreign policy, almost, one might say, on his infallibility.

Yet Dr. Adenauer showed no such emotions when he received me on Thursday morning after a cabinet meeting. We met at an hour when most old gentlemen who have done a morning's work expect their lunch, with a nice nap after it. We talked on, to the perturbation of waiting officials, who thought he ought to be having a rest and who were wanting their own lunch. The conversation started with his favourite subject—roses; he agreed that it was harassing to know that a cold snap—it was hesitating whether or not to snow—would damage plants that are too advanced for the time of year. At the age of eighty-one he has just returned from Persia. He shared with me a delight in the extraordinary beauty of the great square in Isphahan, once the scene of regal polo matches. When we talked of roses and Isphahan the strangely wrinkled parchment of his face repeatedly cracked into unexpected smiles; it is a fascinating smile, superior, I admit, but sweet as well as sour and one understood why Germans call him "the old fox" almost as often as the "old man."

Mostly we talked of the Gaitskell Plan—the universal phrase for proposals to attempt a deal with Russia about unification. The chief figures in both great parties all begin by assuming that reunification is all-important and that it can only be obtained by negotiation. The question, on the surface at least, is merely whether such negotiations should be attempted now or only at some future date when Germany is stronger and atomically armed. The most vigorous exponent of this view I met was Herr Strauss, the Minister of Defence, a powerful, ambitious, able, far-looking and, I should say, dangerous man who might easily sometime be Chancellor.

Adenauer had no use for the Gaitskell Plan. A belt of neutrality, he said, was not worth anything in days of nuclear weapons: security could be found only in a plan of control over nuclear armaments. No small negotiations confined to the eastern frontier problem were any good; reunification could only come as part of a general relaxation of tension following a comprehensive—his word was "big"—negotiation.

I argued that the time to try was now, because the Russians' hold on East Germany had become perilously weak and Russia could not afford the risk of having to crush a rising there as she had crushed the Hungarian revolt. She knew the Warsaw pact was a dead letter because she could not trust any of the satellites. Might she not therefore be willing to consider withdrawal at the price of western withdrawal and German neutralisation? Also I suggested that there was now some outside chance of a controlled nuclear disarmament, now under discussion in London, while there would be much less chance if more and more powers made or hired nuclear weapons. Adenauer agreed with this last point: if a number of powers were armed with nuclear weapons disarmament would certainly be "very difficult." But he left this difficulty hanging in the air and confined himself to his main point that the hope lay in the increasing tension, financial and political and economic, inside Russia.

This hope that Russia will get weaker, even if the Soviet system does not disintegrate altogether, is clearly the main straw to which Germans of the right wing are now clinging. Brentano and other members of the C.D.U. also came back to it in discussion. War with Russia is absolutely ruled out; it means total destruction. But if Nato is really strong, armed with nuclear weapons, and Russia knows for *certain*—Strauss's main point—that there is a detailed western defence plan for instant reaction to any Soviet move, without American argument about the *casus belli*—then Russia will not attack. The U.S.S.R., in fact, may eventually withdraw from Europe. Reunification would thus be an automatic result of a general settlement with a Russia which has retreated to her own legitimate frontiers. The question of exactly where they are and where the Polish frontier begins is better left for events to show.

With elections in the offing for next September one has to take a pinch of salt as one talks to people about reunification. It is a necessary item in every political speech. I have no doubt that the Chancellor talked about this future "big negotiation" with the elections in mind. But hard discussion with Germans this week has confirmed my suspicion that there is much less real enthusiasm for it than public statements would suggest. Few seriously ask themselves whether they are prepared to pay the price of unification. Ollenhauer's very sensible view, when I talked to him, was that Germany should attempt no nuclear armaments, and the West should now work out an agreement about the best way of opening discussions with Russia. But when you press the point you find that, with most people, a factor that weighs heavily is that West Germany, supremely capitalist and sharply divided into rich and poor though it is, now rejoices in a large prosperity and that the prospect of adding a great new area, impoverished by Russia and organised on strict Communist lines, is, to say the least of it, disturbing. The economic problems would be formidable; the standard of life in West Germany could scarcely be maintained, at least in the short run, and I hear that industrialists and maybe some trade unionists are privately alarmed at every mention of unification. Again West Germany is predominantly Catholic. I am quite sure that Dr. Adenauer would not let that stand in the way of unification with a largely Protestant East if the chance were in front of him, but I am also sure that it is a factor that diminishes his enthusiasm. More important still, of course, is the revulsion of the right wing (and perhaps some of the left too) at the thought that the American atomic umbrella would only too probably cease to cover Germany, and that she might find herself face to face with the Russian giant in a position of nominal neutrality, secured only by guarantees which might prove, in the event, as ineffective as the Chamberlain guarantee of Poland in 1939. On no point was Herr Strauss so emphatic. "We do not want to be liberated," he said. "Poland still suffers from Chamberlain's guarantee." He agreed with the British White Paper that the only security is not to have a war, but the only assurance against that was a Nato organisation that the Russians know beyond doubt would fight if they try the Hitler tactic of "needle-pricks" and small *faits accomplis*. Adenauer did not say as much as this to me. But the same basic thought will prevent any serious approach on the lines of the Gaitskell Plan. The price is not one that he or any German—certainly no Chancellor of the right—will willingly pay for reunification.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Hungary is the Test

A BRITISH Communist declared not long ago, referring to the Soviet Union's action in suppressing the Hungarian revolution, that "Hungary is the test whether you are really a Communist or not." He meant, I suppose, that the world is today divided absolutely into two rival camps—that of the Communists and that of all the rest of us, whom the "real" Communists regard as the enemies of Communism, and group together under some common name—"Fascists" it used to be, but nowadays "imperialists" is the fashionable term. In comparison with these two contending forces—Communism and imperialism—nothing else is held to count. Or rather, nothing else counts except as an instrument in the hands of one or other of the major contestants: so that any secondary group that is not playing a subordinate role on the Communist side is regarded as, by definition, playing such a role against Communism.

It is very necessary for all of us to understand this attitude, even if it seems to us utterly mistaken. For it is the basis for the support given by the Communist Parties in most countries to the Soviet Union's action in invading Hungary and then suppressing by main force what was unquestionably a widespread popular movement of revolt against Communist rule. The many Communists outside the Soviet Union, from Tito downwards, who were unable to accept the legitimacy of the Soviet Union's action are, on this view, guilty not merely of ridiculous squeamishness but of clear betrayal of Communist principle. This is the view taken of them, not only by Molotov and the surviving stalwarts of the Stalinist epoch, but also by Mao Tse-tung and the leaders of the Chinese Communist Party, by Thorez and Togliatti and Palme Dutt, and even by those Soviet Union leaders, such as Krushchev, who have been foremost in attacking Stalin and denouncing the "cult of personality." We must, therefore, take account of it in deciding our attitude towards the "real" Communists. Most of all have we to do this if we regard ourselves, not as upholders or stooges of imperialism, but as "real" Socialists aiming no less than the Communists purport to be at the establishment of a classless society and committed to fight against imperialism and capitalism in our own, non-Communist ways.

Marx and Engels, in the *Communist Manifesto* of 1848, not only proclaimed that all history could be understood only as a history of successive class struggles, but also that, in the course of historical development, the class-struggle for power had been becoming more and more simplified, until there were left in the 19th century only two classes of historical significance, between which the final battle was already being joined. The continued existence of other classes was admitted; but in comparison with the two great contestants they were held to be of no real account. Artisans and petty proprietors were regarded as incapable of independent action, and as in pro-

cess of being ground out by the advance of capitalist concentration. The old landed aristocrats and the militarists who were closely connected with them still existed, but were in process of complete assimilation or subordination to the great bourgeois class. The poor peasants and the landless labourers in the agricultural areas, it was agreed, could wield no power except by allying themselves to the ever-growing industrial proletariat. The managers and administrative workers attached to capitalist industry and to the capitalist state machine were treated as mere servants of the bourgeois class.

If this vision of contemporary and of coming society were true, it followed that, from the standpoint of the exploited class, correct, and therefore right, behaviour was simply that which would help to overthrow the rule of the bourgeoisie. Whatever would further the cause of world proletarian revolution was historically correct conduct, and therewith morally right. For in class-divided societies, *all* morality was simply class-morality, expressing the interest of one or other of the class-contestants for power. No other, or higher, morality could exist, except in a classless society; and such a society could be brought to birth only by the victory of the proletariat, followed by the liquidation of all other classes, which would convert the proletariat, as the sole survivor, from being a class into being the entire society of mankind. It was therefore justifiable and necessary for the proletariat to use any method and to take any action that would help it towards victory over its class-enemies; and all squeamishness about such matters was entirely out of place. If Communists abstained from certain kinds of action treated as "immoral" by bourgeois moralists—such as political assassination and common-or-garden theft—they did so solely because they thought them more likely to harm than to further the revolutionary cause.

The Soviet Union forces, in overrunning Hungary and suppressing the so-called Hungarian "counter-revolution," were acting in strict accordance with this principle. For, clearly, whatever the essential motive of the Hungarian revolution was, its success would have meant that Hungary would have ceased to be a satellite or ally of the Soviet bloc, whether it had become formally a neutral like Finland or Austria or had transferred its allegiance in some degree to the western bloc. Its defection would therefore have been a very serious matter for the Soviet Union, even if it had done no more than follow Austria into a position of neutrality; for according to Communist ideas there can be no real neutrality in a struggle involving the entire human race, and any country that rejects the dictatorship of the proletariat in favour of parliamentary government thereby ranges itself in the camp of the enemies of the revolution. On this showing, it was entirely logical to take any steps that might be needed to hold Hungary in the grasp of the forces from which it was attempting to escape; and if these steps involved suppressing the Hungarian proletariat that was no good reason against taking them. The Hungarian proletariat, as such, had no rights—at any rate, no right to set itself up against the authority of the proletariat as a world-wide force engaged in a struggle for the conquest of world power.

The logic of this position can be assailed only by those who reject the foundations on which the entire structure of Communist ideology rests. If there is in the real world no morality except class-morality, it is nonsense to denounce the Soviet Union's treatment of Hungary as immoral. On that basis, it can be criticised only as inexpedient in the interests of the world revolution—for example, by arguing that the need to continue holding Hungary down by force will weaken, rather than strengthen, the Soviet Union and its allies, or that it is calculated actually to undermine the influence of Communism as a world force by its effects on the attitude of Communist supporters and fellow-travellers who are not "real" Communists but are subject to the influence of bourgeois moral ideas. "Real" Communists cannot afford to ignore such dangers, but are reluctant to be moved by them for fear of allowing their faith to be undermined by opportunism. The more they are accused of immoral behaviour in relation to Hungary, the more will they defend both the right and the expediency of the course their leaders have decided to take.

There is, then, no basis for arguing with the "real" Communists about the rights and wrongs of their action in Hungary. Those who disapprove of this action can only denounce it outright by denying the validity of the doctrine on which it rests—that is, by asserting that there do exist rules of decent conduct which transcend class-differences and form part of a common stock of moral and political principles by which all men ought to feel themselves bound.

If such principles of right political conduct do exist, what are they? In other words, in what do those Socialists who denounce the Soviet Union's conduct in Hungary as morally wrong hold its wrongness to consist? I think most of us who do, as Socialists, repudiate the Soviet Union's action do so, at any rate in part, because we set a high value on the principle of national self-determination, and uphold the right of the Hungarian people, at any rate within very wide limits, to determine their course of action without being dictated to by any external force. If so, we seem to be impelled towards agreeing that it is irrelevant to the issue whether the Hungarians, left to themselves, would have established a national Communist, or a Social-democratic, or a bourgeois parliamentarian, or even a Fascist kind of state, provided only that it had been the real choice of a majority of the people. But are most of us prepared to go so far? I, for one, am not. I regard Fascism as a system so abominable in itself and so dangerous to the world's peace that I am ready to defend action designed to prevent any people from setting up a Fascist regime, subject only to considerations of sheer expediency in any particular case. I shall doubtless be asked whether I feel the same about Communism—to which the answer is that I do not, because, despite its immoralism, it has shown itself also a great liberating force through the extension of education and social services to the masses previously excluded from them. It is, therefore, likely to become liberalised, even against its will, as the effects of these are shown in popular pressures for greater personal and political freedom. I cannot, however, regard self-determination as an absolute principle, to which all other considerations ought to give way. Yet I do regard it as a matter of vital importance, to be overriden only in the most extreme case. Taking this view, I could not say absolutely that the Soviet Union was wrong in flouting it in the case of Hungary unless I were convinced that the Hungarian revolution, left to its own devices, would *not* have led to the establishment of a Fascist regime. On this point, however, I do feel enough conviction to denounce the Soviet Union's action as an unjustifiable violation of the Hungarian people's national right to go its own way, provided that in so doing it was not seriously endangering the world's peace.

But, of course, the Soviet Union's apologists will argue that it was doing just that, by shifting the balance of world power in favour of the "imperialists" and thus adding to the danger of world war. On that point I dissent from the view that the danger of world war depends on the marginal shifting of power between the rival world blocs, neither of which in fact has, in this atomic age, any will to make war on a world scale unless driven to it by powers beyond its control. The detachment of Hungary from the Soviet bloc would have been a serious defeat for Soviet diplomacy; but it would not have made world war any more likely than it is, or has been for some time past. Nor was fear that it would the main motive underlying the Soviet Union's action. This action rested on a denial that the Hungarian people had any right to secede from the Communist camp, and thus to weaken the international proletariat in its struggle for world revolution. The only form of self-determination the "real" Communist is prepared to recognise is that of a proletariat to establish its dictatorial rule as a section of the world-wide proletarian movement embodied in the Communist Party as a single, unified, revolutionary force.

This principle we non-Communist Socialists reject. Our aim is to advance towards Socialism not by revolutionary violence, save where all other roads are closed, and not by way of proletarian dictatorship, but on a basis of democratic action with the consent of a majority of the whole people. We take this line, first, because we believe that the so-called "dictatorship of the proletariat" is bound to be in fact the dictatorship of a minority group or party claiming to stand for the proletariat and subjecting the whole people to its will; and, secondly, because, far from desiring to overthrow all the institutions and values of society as it now exists, we hope to conserve and develop many of them on a democratic basis. From our point of view, the world is not divided sharply into two rival blocs, standing for rival class-interests. It is the field of interplay of many contending forces, of which Communism and imperialism are only two, democratic Socialism being a third which challenges them both. We have more in common with Communism than with capitalism or imperialism only because Communists and democratic Socialists are appealing mainly to the same persons and groups—that is, to the working classes—and not in the sense that we can come to terms with the Communist philosophy or with the modes of action to which it gives rise. We are under the necessity to fight our battles on a double front, against Communist totalitarianism as well as against capitalism and imperialism; but in fighting Communism we have to be always mindful of the need for united working-class action and therefore always ready to extend the hand of friendship to Communists who are not at bottom "real" Communists, but only left-wing Socialists who have found the hesitations and compromises of right-wing parliamentary Socialism too much to bear. In this spirit, we are always ready to welcome those in the Communist ranks who shrink back appalled when, as in the case of the Hungarian Revolution, they see the foundations of Communist philosophy nakedly exposed in action.

G. D. H. COLE

NEXT WEEK

The British H-Bomb
by R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A German Diary
by CRITIC

The Strange Case of James Bond
by JOHN RAYMOND

London Diary

We are all so blinded by nuclear science that we tend to lose track even of the questions we ought to be asking. After reading the recent ministerial statements about nuclear weapons and talking to scientific friends, I've cleared my own mind about the key questions and I am prepared to have a guess at the answers:

Q. Is there a clean bomb?

A. Cleanness is relative. Every thermo-nuclear explosion must be triggered off by an A-bomb core, which is "dirty" but which may be a relatively small proportion of the whole mass. The fusion bomb (as distinct from the fission-fusion-fission bomb which the Americans let off at Bikini) need no longer be encased in fissionable—or dirty—material. The U.S. has already tested a small fusion—or "clean"—bomb. One of the three bombs to be set off in the Christmas Island tests (which are to take place not at Christmas Island itself, but at the island of Penhryn, a thousand miles away) is the British fusion bomb. It is an advance on the American in that it is intended to achieve the explosive force of one megaton; and there is still real doubt whether it will work successfully or what exactly its effect will be. Its outer casing may be of bismuth; and in any case is thought to contain no uranium or other fissionable material.

Q. Can any nuclear explosion take place without detection?

A. Apart from espionage, detection is a matter of measuring radio-active fall-out and shock waves. The clean bomb will be far more difficult to detect from fall-out than any but the smallest dirty ones; while detonating any bomb deep in the earth or high in the stratosphere can go a long way to mask its shock waves. Conclusion: it is probable that any important nuclear explosion can be detected outside the country of origin; but it is not quite certain, and it may easily be impossible to distinguish between different types of explosion.

Q. What is the smallest possible nuclear explosion?

A. The Hiroshima bomb was the equivalent of about 20 kilotons of TNT. For a long time it was thought that this was the smallest explosive power that could be obtained from fission. It is now known that fission bombs (or shells), using an implosion mechanism, can be made with a much smaller explosive power. The standard tactical weapon in service with Nato is still of about the Hiroshima size; but I understand that the Americans have now developed a shell of somewhere between two and four kilotons—i.e., between two and four hundred times larger than the largest blockbuster of the last war and still, therefore, totally distinct from any kind of non-nuclear weapon.

* * *

It is ironical to read of the rough treatment which Jim Johnson, the Labour member for Rugby, is getting in Northern Rhodesia at the hands of the white settlers. A solid Fabian, right of centre, Johnson has been the apostle of greater co-operation between Africans and Europeans to make the Central African Federation work. Just before he left England he rebuked those who accused Garfield Todd and other Europeans of having a South African mentality, and insisted that there were encouraging multi-racial developments in the Federation. He seems to have cherished the belief that, although he was going as the guest of the African National Congress, this would not prevent him from finding welcome written on the mat of the white leaders' homes. Now he is reported as having stirred up as much white hostility as Fenner Brockway might have done—and all because he told African mine-workers in the Copper Belt that "there are many people in the House of Commons like myself who watch over you." Africans, he was sharply informed by Welensky, the federal Premier, must learn to look to their "fellow citizens in the Federation" for protection. What this "protection" means was shown by an incident which took place almost under Johnson's nose. His African host Nkumbula was attacked by Europeans in a café because he tried to buy cigarettes over the counter instead of waiting outside to be served through a hatch. All this is a bitter reminder of what may happen to Africans if the British parliament surrenders its responsibilities too soon.

* * *

Imagine that a man summoned to serve on a murder jury told the court that he happened to have sat through the preliminary hearings in the magistrates' court. Is there a judge in the country who would allow him to serve, or, if he did, could there be a better ground for an appeal against conviction? That seems to me to lie at the heart of the question confronting Lord Tucker's Committee on Private Hearings, which, I notice, is unlikely to go short of advice from the newspapers. The anxious concern of the press is disingenuous enough, of course; but no one can be in two minds about the immense safeguard for the individual afforded by publicity about what goes on in the courts. The solution seems to me threefold, but perfectly simple. First, allow the general public into the magistrates' court anyway; second, let the accused person have the whole proceedings reported in the press if that is what he prefers; third, and alternatively, report them only when he has been discharged.

* * *

The eminent nutritionist, Dr. Hugh Sinclair, has pointed out that unlimited milk for children may hasten chronic degenerative disease; that orange juice is not an ideal form of vitamin C, nor cod-liver oil the best source of vitamins A and D. I've no doubt that his remarks will be construed as an attack on welfare services. That is rubbish; but the tenor of his warning should not be ignored. Good things in diet can be a liability in excess. It is possible to over-vitaminise—and there is plenty of high-pressure advertising to persuade us to do so. This is particularly true during the summer months—a good summer, that is—when nature is herself prodigal with natural vitamins. There is even a scientific possibility that polio, that disease of highly prosperous and healthy communities (and of the summer months), may be encouraged, though not caused, by a surfeit of vitamins. And it is true that, while impoverished peoples may be starving, surtax society may be digging its grave with its own (generally false) teeth. Rich feeding can shorten lives—thickening the arteries and causing "fatty heart"; and, in that sense, people can be malnourished by over-eating as well as by under-eating. It's a *little* of what you fancy that does you good.

* * *

Years ago it used to be said that it was as idle to expect newspapers to give a good show to a book criticising the press as it was to expect brewers to finance a prohibitionist campaign. This has not proved quite true in the case of Francis Williams's *Dangerous Estate*. There were exceptions. *The Times* gave it a leader on the day of publication. The *Observer* described it as the best book on journalism, and the *Manchester Guardian* as "required reading for students of the press." All the independent provincials, the *Scotsman*, *Glasgow Herald*, *Yorkshire Post*, *Birmingham Post*, etc., featured it. It was praised by all the serious weeklies, but, apart from a reference in the *Daily Mirror* before its publication, no London morning paper except *The Times* mentioned it. In the case of some papers, I hear that reviews were actually written, but suppressed. Even the *Daily Herald*, of which Francis Williams was once editor, kept silent about it. Oddest of all, perhaps, that whereas the independent provincials gave it a great deal of space, not one word appeared in any of the many Kemsley provincials, while the *Sunday Times* gave it only a few lines under "other new books."

* * *

Reading of the death last week-end of Freeman Wills Crofts carried me back 25 years to my first acquaintance with *The Cask*, a detective story which stands with *The Moonstone*, *Trent's Last Case*, *The Franchise Affair*, the Sherlock Holmes saga and a handful of others as one of the genuine peaks in the featureless landscape of crime fiction. Wills Crofts's gimmick, so far as he had one, was the "plain man" detective who appeared to have no advantages over his averagely intelligent reader. But a gimmick wasn't really necessary: the stories, which are indifferently written and lack any subtlety of characterisation, are, at their best, magnificent exercises in applied logic. Their interest depends on the reader's ability to keep up with Inspector French's slow, but ruthless, progress through a series of bizarre logical equations. Hence my own undergraduate introduction to *The Cask*. At the end of a trying session with my philosophy tutor (an aged polymath of apparently infinite reading and unlimited patience), I was sent off to read it and return the following week with a 600-word précis of its plot. How much this uniquely tricky exercise speeded my course through Lit. Hum., I'm not sure; but it certainly gave me an enduring respect for Inspector French.

POLYCRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Unusual addiction to television at Corby, Northants, was blamed as one reason for his failure by Francis John Frost, 48, fishmonger, Studfall Avenue, Corby, at Northampton bankruptcy court yesterday. "Once television starts of an evening you have had it with regard to fish and chips," he said.—*Daily Telegraph*. (A. V. Chambers.)

Would it not be possible to have a minute's silence at the beginning of League football matches on Good Friday?

This would show we remember the first Good Friday, the day of the Crucifixion.—Letter in *Daily Mail*. (J. V. Stalker.)

A letter was also read from Sir Dennis Stucley, High Sheriff of Devon, asking members to give earnest consideration before deciding to support "the misguided campaign against stag-hunting."

He wrote: "I am absolutely certain that a Gallup Poll among my wild deer would disclose 100 per cent. majority in favour of the protection the hunt affords them."—*Daily Herald*. (John Burton.)

The Queen's entrance to the Louvre was televised—but for only a few minutes.

According to some reports officials said this was because they were worried about the reaction of British viewers to seeing their Queen entertained among the hundreds of nude statues which crowd the Palace.—*Daily Mirror*. (M. P. O'Neill.)

Little Bomb

Little Bomb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Not so DIRTY as the last,
With a CLEAN, effective blast,
Annihilating all, with just
The very minimum of dust?
Did he tell thee that he means
No mutations in the genes,
Minimising (so he hopes)
Radioactive isotopes?

Little Bomb, *I* made thee,
All of us have made thee.
When the World was old and sad
Power drove our rulers mad;
All their cruelty and fear
In thy lineaments appear.
These, with my own apathy,
Framed a fearful cemetery
Where the human form divine
Drivels to its last decline.

Little Bomb, who'll drop thee?
Lunacy will drop thee;
Lunacy, which generates
Hateful poisons, poisonous hates,
Lunacy, which offers Earth
Painful death and monstrous birth.
Thou a bomb and I a bloke,
We shall both go up in smoke;
But, it that is only bluff,
Strontium 90 is enough.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Vincent, Their Vincent

SEPARATE the idea of fire from the fact of fuel, and you are left with a miracle: the focal point for a hundred and one superstitions. If you separate a modern artist's life from his work, you are left with the same kind of focal point. He retains his greatness because he retains his name, but what his greatness now invests with false significance is his loneliness, his temperament, his separation from other people, his personal tragedies. Thus, the story of his life becomes a consolation to all those who feel insecure and misunderstood. Under capitalism, which, whatever its degree of temporary prosperity, encourages social fragmentation and a sense of insecurity, one would consequently expect to find an abundance of romanticised artists' lives. And one does. The artist leading to the outsider leading to the criminal, becomes the hero of societies unable to see a way out of the frustrations they inevitably encourage. This week, a typical art critic, defending an artist of whom he has a high opinion, writes approvingly that now "the private neurosis has acquired a cosmic stature."

No artist's life lends itself better to this new kind of romanticism than Van Gogh's. Everyone remembers that he cut off his ear. Few know that he said: "The cart one draws must be useful to people whom one does not know"; and that he dedicated his life to trying to make this true.

Lust for Life, the recent Hollywood film about Van Gogh directed by Vincent Minnelli, is interesting precisely in so far as it unconsciously reveals this need to exploit the artist's unhappiness. Everyone interested in art should see it in order to understand more fully the nature of our cultural impasse. I say "unconsciously reveals" because this film is not just a sensational catch-dollar affair, but has obviously been made with a conscious respect towards its subject. There are quotations from Van Gogh's letters. We see many of his actual paintings close up in Metrocolor. (They are badly distorted, but no one probably realised that.) Everything that can be reconstructed—on the circumstantial level—is reconstructed. The make-up artists have done wonders. We see the yellow house at Arles, the famous bedroom, Roulin the postman, the Young Man, Dr. Gachet, and so literally are they all reproduced that, for instance, we never see Dr. Gachet without the white cap in which he was painted!

But among these accurate sets and behind these life-like masks, what fills and animates and ruins the film is the vision of Van Gogh as a victim: not the victim of his ruthless determination to work: not the victim of Dutch Calvinism: not even the victim of poverty; but the victim of some strange impersonal fate expressing itself in what is presented as his lunacy.

And here, in case the reader considers that I am taking one naive film too seriously, I must emphasise that the attitude behind it is typical, and that in fact it is not so naive. In *Moulin Rouge* a very similar view was taken of Toulouse Lautrec. We have seen the same in versions of Gauguin's life. And at this moment one can find an identical attitude behind Francis Bacon's highly sophisticated paintings of Van Gogh at the Hanover Gallery: the only difference is that, because Bacon's paintings are more sophisticated, they welcome the victimisation more perversely; they actually glory in the degradation that Van Gogh himself hated so much that he chose death rather than continue suffering it.

It is of course true that Van Gogh was subject to violent attacks of something approaching insanity, but his greatness and his heroic achievement were the result of his making this *incidental* to his life work. In this film, it is made the only theme, the only source of drama. As I have said, we see many of his paintings and we sometimes see him at an easel. But there is no suggestion that his work supplied the only rhythm his life had. "The symbol of St. Luke, the patron saint of painters, is as you know an ox. Thus one must be as patient as an ox if one would wish to cultivate the field of art." It would not have been difficult to convey such an attitude and practice filmically. Days need only take a few seconds. Instead we witness a few paroxysms of work closely linked with wild fits of madness. The same attempt to separate what an artist *is* from what he *does* also makes all the other painters in the film absurdly unconvincing. They all become charlatans which is what they would have been had they not worked. Seurat becomes a car salesman selling a theory, Pissarro a kind of studio Polonius, Gauguin a G.I. turned St. Germain.

"Actually, the *colours* were better in the film . . ."

And just as Van Gogh's temperament is separated from his work so is it also separated from his social environment. Except for his brother Theo who, until the death-bed scene, appears to be only an infinitely patient probation officer, everyone else joins the ranks of the Other People. Vincent's father, his sister, the missionary preachers, the miners, the potato-eaters, the prostitute he lives with, the people of Arles, all misunderstand him as a romantic matter of course. There is not a hint that in many cases he was misunderstood because he saw as clearly as Dickens or Zola the hypocritical contradictions of his society and refused to accept them. "When one is released after having spent a long time in a prison there are moments in which one yearns for the walls of the cell again simply because one is no longer quite at home in a state of freedom—probably so-called owing to the fact that the exhausting hunt after daily bread does not leave one a moment of liberty."

It is typical of the film that one sees Van Gogh not being able to pay for his drinks after a night's bout, but that one never sees him being unable to pay for his food. Even his poverty becomes part of his temperament, so the fact that, at times, he quite simply starved, or the fact that he was always suffering guilt about his dependence on his brother, become too ordinary to be relevant.

So far I have described what the film does not do; but what it does do, in presenting Van Gogh's temperament, underlines even more strongly, I think, the artist-outsider-criminal theme of consolation. His character is split into two quite separate halves. On one hand he is a chap just like us having a spot of trouble with a few "psychological adjustments." In this role he is a Billy Graham *manqué* as a missionary: he is a bit rude to his father about God: he uses the wrong technique in courting his cousin: he loves Dutch cookies; and on his death-bed he wants to go home. On the other hand he is the victim of his fate: his insanity descends on him like the mistral on Provence. And in this role he is the notorious hunted man with every hand against him: when the attacks come, Kirk Douglas screws up his face like a man with a bullet in his stomach: when he quarrels with Gauguin he spreadeagles himself against the door: when he chases Gauguin with a razor, the back streets of Arles are made to look like the inevitable tunnel: when he collapses he still grasps the tube of ochre which continues to emit its pigment.

It is very important, however, to insist on why one protests about this film. It is not from the point of view of a specialist scholar. A dramatised life is bound to distort: the point is how it distorts. Legends are not histories, and Van Gogh's life is certainly the stuff of legend: it is like the flight of an arrow. But the function of the legendary hero is to inspire the legend's public, who want to continue in spirit from where the hero leaves off. And the perversity of this film is that the hero has been made in the image of one of our most destructive and anti-social fantasies. One is not criticising from an exclusive vantage point. On the contrary, one is criticising from the simplest and most human position—trying to relate the heroic example of Van Gogh's life to the lives of the large film audiences.

Lust for Life is a Portrait of the Artist at Bay. But no artist, or man, can entirely be that and remain an artist, or a man. Van Gogh was the genius he was, not because he could see no way out, but because he could write, "I admire the bull, the eagle and man with such an intense adoration, that it will certainly prevent me from ever becoming an ambitious person."

JOHN BERGER

G.I.s at School

"EDUCATION is not limited to any place, time or person. Anyone who has ability, interest, and ambition can get an education if the opportunity is available." Thus, incontrovertibly, opens the impressive brochure issued by the University of "Marthaterre" Overseas Program. I have recently enrolled as one of their part-time instructors, eager to "enjoy the unique teaching experience ahead." This means, in effect, that I spend two evenings a week lecturing to members of the U.S.A.F. on one of their many English bases. "You'll probably find they're partly officers and partly men," the central education officer had told me, "but we like you to call them all 'Mr.'" "There aren't any women in these courses?" I asked. "Maybe 3 or 4 per cent.—not more," he said, his gravity unimpaired.

Education is indeed taken seriously in the American Air Force. There is no compulsion to attend a course. Yet these young airmen enrol enthusiastically for one or sometimes two courses and, for the most part, they attend regularly. It is true that their "grades" (awarded on four-weekly and eight-weekly tests) are expected to bear a close relation to their attendance record and that good grades are liable to facilitate military promotion and to contribute towards an American university degree. Even so, I doubt whether a comparable group from the R.A.F. would willingly contribute payment and flock to eight-weekly courses, requiring six hours a week of lectures and discussion, with a good deal of reading between sessions.

The shadow of each test looms large and black. Already in the second week of term, students were coming up in the coffee break to say "This mid-term quiz, it'll be *objective* [non-essay type] won't it? That's the only kind that's fair." Or, "Look, if I take notes, should I put down what *you* say or what J. Wilbur Smith says? . . . Would it be right if I copy down just what he puts in italics?" "Smith" is "the textbook" for my course.

Having never before given lectures direct from a textbook, or to American students, I too was uncertain about my notes. I had begun by selecting points on which Smith's opinion and mine differed; discovery of such points presents little difficulty in the social sciences. I revised this plan, however, when I realised that Smith unadorned was proving indigestible and when one of the brighter students observed in discussion: "Smith is entitled to his opinion. And you're entitled to yours. I'm not saying that I might not have an opinion of my own on some of these problems. But in this mid-term quiz—*whose* opinion"—the end of the question was drowned in applause from the rest of the class.

The heartiest laugh which I have elicited was, disconcertingly, by my reply to a question asked a little later. "Will the end-of-term quiz be on the second half of the book—the part not covered in the mid-term quiz? Or will it be on the whole book?" I had not yet decided and I answered, thoughtfully: "Well, it would be more interesting for you if it covered the whole book, wouldn't it?" This aroused a storm of merriment.

In fact, I compromised at mid-term. I set an "objective," multiple-choice test and also a short essay (choice of three topics). The majority chose for their essay "a comparison of American and English education." These yielded an extremely wide range of ideas and of style, and they correlated with the objective test interestingly little. Reading the essays proved most rewarding. Not only did they show up the minority who are willing to reflect rather than remember, to understand rather than rote-learn. They also revealed some striking differences in viewpoint.

Thus, for instance, student E: "Education in England seems to me to be much more rigid than that in America. However, I believe that the English student benefits and learns much more. American students are not shown enough discipline." (This was the whole of E's essay.) The point about stricter discipline in England was stressed in several of the longer essays and also the alleged greater rigidity. Thus, A: "In America we have our mandatory schooling up to the 12th grade, while the English have schooling for the average child only up to the age of about 15 years, and only if a student shows promise after this may he continue. How much difference does this make in the educational level of children in both countries? I personally don't believe it makes much difference at all as the English child is taught faster, this being a result of the greater discipline used in their schools. The Americans are not nearly as regimentally minded as the British and I believe that this is one reason behind this lack of discipline." A then went on to discuss school uniform (rare in the U.S.) and extra curricular activities. He ended his essay: "As has been seen this information is little, and the information on British schools may be wrong. As I have never gone to a British school, I have gotten information on them only by conversation with local people—these people may hold a grudge against the school they went to, may be prejudiced against schools, or may just plain hate school. Therefore this information may be completely out of phase."

On the question of selection for grammar schools, O is quite uncompromising: ". . . The idea that this 11+ test plus the evaluation of the teachers will govern the remaining 50 or 60 years of the student who is being judged is to my mind an act of Communism. This is the state controlling the life and liberties of the subjects of the land. . . ." U, on the other hand, thinks well of the system: ". . . From what I have read and heard, I can say there is one way in which the English is better than the American system. The English allow their people to advance their education if they pass a test upon completion of grade school or high school. This is good because it enables anyone who is smart enough to get a college degree and he doesn't have to pay so much for it. . . ."

Y achieves more of a bird's-eye view than most of his fellows. He begins: "In the U.S. form of education a compromise has been made between the classic and the practical form of education. The majority of the people will never read a classic book or make a speech after leaving school but for the benefit of those who do the basis is laid. The same is done to a small extent or perhaps it should be said to a lesser extent in the English educational system." He goes on to describe how English schools "are designed more for the practical side of life." He can, however, scarcely regard this attempt as successful, since he finishes: "English schools try to eliminate all differences including that of sex, dress and in the boarding schools even that of environment."

C is worth quoting on account of his concentration on higher education and his democratic approach. "The American curriculum (at an average college) for a given subject differs from the corresponding British college (e.g., Oxford) in, primarily, two points: (1) The degree of coverage of the subject (for which the student is a candidate for a degree), and (2) The amount of

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non-technical subjects (those which have nothing to do with the major subject)."

Before leaving the essays on education, I should like to quote more extensively from two writers, M and G, partly because of their intrinsic interest and partly because of the discrepancy between them. G writes: "I have found that the chief difference in the English and American form of education is that in American schools, more emphasis is placed on learning the material that is covered in the text. There is not so much controversy on differences of opinion between the instructor and the author. If a controversy occurs, the instructor normally attempts to justify the controversial statements that have been made by the author rather than to point out to the students where there is room for differences of opinion. This difference in technique has both good and bad points. The American way tends to teach the student more of the material that is actually covered in the text. On the other hand, the English method points out that just because a book is compiled and accepted for use in an educational institution, this does not indicate that the material contained therein is unquestionably correct. I feel that the English method leaves more room for thinking problems through and expanding on what is covered in the text. The American way tends to channel the student's thinking and leaving less room for imagination."

This view tallies so well with the one I formed during my one year at an American university and have re-formed during these evening classes, that I feared to have imposed it, unwittingly, on my present students. I was, therefore, relieved when I came across M's essay: "... The method of presentation, I understand, is quite the same in both countries, especially in the earlier years of school. I have found, however, that the general opinion of most people, myself included, is that the English schools adhere more strictly to set schedules than do American schools. It seems that they place more emphasis on learning something exactly as the book says it should be learned too, although this is strictly an opinion of my own. In American schools, it seems there is more emphasis placed on 'learning to learn' than on 'learning the book.' . . . I also believe that American schools assert competition a bit more than do the English . . . Most of the differences I have stated seem to be the general opinion of Americans. However, if an Englishman were asked to present his views I have no doubt that they would be much different."

Some of the students compared American and British methods of bringing up children. There tended to be greater agreement here. R succinctly expressed the prevailing point of view: ". . . The American method seems to go along the line of 'my child will get everything I never had,' and a great deal is expected both by the parent and the child. The Anglo way, to me, appears to be similar. The only outstanding difference in the two methods boils down to this: Americans, shame on me, pamper their children more than the English. I've noticed the difference in appreciation particularly. The English parents want junior to 'get there' too, but I believe there is less pushing. Two countries, two methods." And again, V: "... the English child is without a doubt the best-mannered child in any society today. They are brought up with the idea that children should be seen and not heard. (As an afterthought I would like to state that as a father I think this is something that Americans should also adopt.) . . . Much emphasis is placed upon teaching our children that all men are created equal. The American child is a spoiled, noisy complicated piece of machinery. They are taught very little on traditions or customs. Emphasis is placed on acquiring ability to make lots of money. The American child is taught to be energetic, ambitious and lazy all at the same time. Parents attempt to make them energetic and ambitious by constantly speaking of the efforts needed to 'outdo the Jones' and then make them lazy by showing 'short cuts' in accomplishing any task . . ."

P, on the other hand, holds precisely the opposite opinion. "On the whole I would say that American children are better behaved where their parents are concerned, that is, they are obedient and show more consideration than their English counterpart.... Time and time again I have heard English children ordering their mothers to get something, and generally they get what they wanted. My mother used to say, 'You are younger and have more energy. You get it.' And I did. I also feel that this type of treatment (the American) leads to a more independent adult when the child matures . . ." L also claimed more independence for the American child: ". . . I have found that it is not uncommon to see children 15 months old in England still carried about in a pram. The pram in America is on its way out for some unknown reason; cars maybe."

Does a general pattern emerge from these essays? Do they give in any sense a "true" picture of the writers? And, if so, is it substantially different from the English stereotype of the young American serviceman? I think that the answer to these questions is Yes. The naivete traditionally associated in English minds with this stereotype is in evidence but a contrasting shrewdness is also present; the toughness-cum-sentimentality is offset by sensibility and self-criticism; generosity and frankness appear, as expected, but so do modesty and tolerance. It is fitting that the self-sufficiency of the "objective" test has been refuted by its staunchest supporters. They have demonstrated that the predicted "unique teaching experience" was no overstatement.

ALEC

Fleet Street Notebook

IF you are a Sunday paper editor with well over 5,000,000 paying readers to hold each weekend—possibly three times that number when family and other readership is taken into account—and there is nothing left over from the news after the daily papers have done with it, what do you do? Simple. You invent a really whopping rumour and then deny it. Not of course any sort of a rumour: not if you want to keep at the top of your profession. A rumour about the royal family—or so paragraph one, chapter one, in the journalist's guide to popular success insists. It is apparently physically impossible to give any regular reader of a 5,000,000 circulation newspaper more than he or she wants about the royal family, true or untrue. It may come a little hard on the royal family themselves of course; but, after all, we must all be prepared to make some sacrifice for progress and freedom of the press.

The *Sunday Pictorial*—which to give it its due only rarely finds it necessary to turn to the more hackneyed techniques of ham journalism to keep its place at the top—used this jaded technique in a big way last Sunday. The victim was Princess Margaret who must have had her fingers crossed for some time now wondering when it was going to be her turn to be dragged back to the front pages. Since Group Captain Townsend, most papers have felt it charitable to give her a rest from the full sensational treatment. Evidently the *Sunday Pictorial* has decided that the close season is up. "Princess Margaret and Billy Wallace: The Truth" it shrieked all over its front page in type an inch and a half deep flanked by two photographs. Mr. Billy Wallace, it should perhaps be mentioned for those who do not follow society news, is a wealthyish young man about town who has been acting as an occasional escort for Princess Margaret at dances and theatre parties so long that even the least sophisticated have ceased to attach any significance to his presence on such occasions. However, when the *Sunday Pictorial* wants a story it wants a story; and last Sunday it clearly wanted one so badly that it had no hesitation whatever in discovering a whole crop of "baseless rumours" that it had become its public duty to deny: there is nothing like a Sunday newspaper with a near record world circulation for doing its public duty.

"It is time," declared the *Sunday Pictorial*, with a fine show of chivalry, "to silence the prattle that is bringing misery to Princess Margaret and Mr. Billy Wallace." What is this prattle? Conscious, no doubt, that none of its five million paying readers were likely to have heard it the *Pictorial* proceeded to enlighten them with all that emphasis of capital letters which is guaranteed to give the maximum emphasis to what is being denied. "They are NOT," it said, "secretly engaged. They have NEVER contemplated marriage. The reason is that they are not in love."

So that, you might think, is that. If the *Sunday Pictorial's* special brand of public duty required it to resurrect a rumour which died a natural death months ago and has not been heard of since, it had by now, you might think, done all that was required. But this only took two paragraphs and the *Pictorial* had two pages to fill. It was therefore necessary for it to explain that it was giving prominence to this news "for two good reasons." They were, first, that the life of Princess Margaret was being ruined by these "baseless rumours"; and that the private life of Mr. Wallace was being "shattered" by their circulation. After which it proceeded to recount in some detail the various occasions in which the Princess and this particular escort had been seen together (plus another three-column picture of the two of them in a restaurant: "Princess Margaret and Billy") and a long piece about Mr. Wallace himself: "Billy—The Man."

I am not one of those who as a general rule shares the indignation which gushes across the pages of the annual reports of the Press Council about the popular press treatment of royalty. But I am bound to say I find this particular *Sunday Pictorial* front-page splash nauseating and its pretence of denying "baseless rumours" by giving them the widest possible publicity revolting. At the best of times the *Sunday Pictorial* is not everyone's idea of a perfect Sunday paper; but, by and large, it conducts its business of providing mass entertainment in a reasonably honest and forthright way, and I am one of its defenders against those superior critics who believe that all papers should be of the kind they read themselves. I am sorry it should have debased its own standards.

The *Pictorial* is not, of course, the only Sunday paper for which anything approaching royalty has a constant fascination. There is the *Sunday Express*. The *Sunday Express*, which specialises in a dead-pan style of loaded gossip calculated to set the maximum number of tongues wagging, is particularly keen on what may be termed royal alleyways—anyone who has, however faintly,

been connected at any time with the Palace is fair game. It developed this technique in a big way last week with a large front-page picture tastefully headlined "Cheek-To-Cheek—The Palace mystery girl goes Dancing," with another photograph cut into the block of a couple sitting at a table strewn with glasses and bottles. Who then is the "Palace Mystery Girl"? The *Sunday Express* caption, taken in conjunction with the headline, is worth reading as an instance of just how the Beaverbrook press gets to work. Read on: "These photographs of Mrs. Marian Foulkes, friend of Commander Michael Parker, Prince Philip's former private secretary, were taken in a Rome night club. Her escort is Count Piecio Gnoli. . . . Mrs. Foulkes was on the security list at Buckingham Palace for some months last year as a confidential secretary, though Palace officials said they didn't know it. She has been staying in Rome as a guest of Dr. Wolf Breitling, a German business man, who is an old friend of Prince Philip. . . . Friends of Mrs. Foulkes, whose marriage was dissolved four years ago, expect her to announce her engagement to him."

The *Sunday Express* has just announced another increase in circulation of 178,220 in the first three months of this year, making a total of 3,400,469. With a large blast on its own trumpet it proclaimed: "The *Sunday Express* does not spend its time in the gutter." Well. Well.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Tomato Road

THE plain of Sardina is the only flat land in the island of Gran Canaria and contains the only straight, reasonably metalled road. From Gando airport, 16 miles from Las Palmas, this road is straight for 21 miles to Masapolomas; thence to Arguineguin is mountain road again. The soil of the Sardina plain is red; that of the mountains between it and Arguineguin white and yellow. Both, wherever enough can be scratched together to form a plantation, are planted with tomatoes. There must be 30 miles of tomatoes along both sides of the road, seedling tomatoes, half-grown tomatoes, fully grown tomatoes from which the crop is being picked and dead tomatoes, stripped of fruit and waiting to be turned into the soil.

In some places the plantations extend over hundreds of acres; in others they are patches between sections of land irreclaimably bad. Such patches have no regular shape but push out peninsulas of tillage into the bad land, engrossing every square yard of soil which can possibly be used. The bad land separating one plantation from another is African in character—stones and boulders, coarse grass, a few spiny shrubs, the gigantic native enphorbia, which may yet yield rubber on a commercial scale and already provides a kind of chewing-gum, and cactus. The cactus is spectacular—not so much the prickly-pear and the smaller cochineal cactus, but the great plants of tall, massive perpendicular growths of pentagonal section, like patterns made with organ-pipes.

The tomato plain is bounded on one side by the sea, always brilliant blue and never calm; on the other by the craggy and very beautiful lava mountains which the bulk of the island is made of. From this side they appear barren, their beauty is pure form and colour; tawny, ochrous, bright red or deep mahogany they rise like huge storm waves of stone.

The plain of Sardina has no rainfall, or virtually none. We had left Santa Brigida under heavy cloud and mizzling rain, the thermometer standing at 55, to emerge into mid-summer at Telde and into the perpetual sub-tropical heat of the plain 20 minutes later. The tomatoes are grown by irrigation, water being carried in conduits from the mountain catchment tanks and wells. This need to irrigate limits the use of machines. The plain is the only part of the island where tractors can be used—those which we saw were all German—but here, as in the mountains, the principal tool is the broad-bladed hoe; and the principal source of energy is man-power.

The plants are grown very close in double rows trained towards each other by an elaborate system of bamboo stakes. Each row is planted in a ridge, and the irrigation water is run into the troughs between the ridges and trapped there by cross-ridging. All this ridging has to be done by hand. So does the small amount of de-side-shooting which is practised, of course, and all the tying. The ties are made with fibres processed from the agave which grows everywhere in the island. Bamboo, likewise, is native. Fertilisers and pest-control sprays are imported from England or Germany.

The pattern of Canaria's tomato economy is peculiar: the optimum crop, from the grower's point of view, is not the same as the maximum crop. A good English or Channel Island tomato-grower could, by the use of other varieties, by hygiene in the seed beds, and by better disease and pest control, double the Canarios' crop. But to do so he would need more and more machinery, apparatus, and materials. All these things would be worth what they cost only if labour were scarce and dear. But labour being very plentiful and dirt-cheap—a pair of hands costs the grower about 4d an hour, and they are very hard working hands at that—scientific efficiency is not worth while. Thus spraying gear is out of date and not very effective; bacterial disease and fungus blights are rife; the crop is much less than it should be and a good deal of fruit is spoilt. It is not, however, wasted. The goats eat it and as goats' milk and *gofio*—a flour of roasted maize—is the cheap staple food which keeps the peasants fairly healthy, and their children thin but radiant, for a minute outlay, even spoilt tomatoes are worth having.

Certainly it is not want of knowledge which prevents the island tomato growers from doing better: I have read the report of the English consultant whom they employed and it could not have been more thorough. The fact is the business is so profitable that nobody can be bothered to improve it. And it is profitable despite the enormous "cut" taken by the central government. This "cut" is not collected by means of taxation, but by an exchange control trick: for every pound sterling they earn by exporting tomatoes to Britain, the growers receive 80 pesetas; for every pound sterling they need to buy fertilisers or machinery from us, the growers have to pay the government 130 pesetas. They complain, of course; they assure us that the money is wasted by General Franco's corrupt ministers on American cars and jewellery for their mistresses. We assure them that they don't know how lucky they are: it might, for example, be spent on dangerous military adventures in the Near East.

I cannot give you a proper analysis of the difference between the cost of growing tomatoes in Gran Canaria, and the price you are paying for them in Britain. But I can give you a figure to think about. You know what you are paying. We, housekeeping in a cottage ten miles from Las Palmas, pay 1½d a pound for the best tomatoes; and presumably both the grower and shopkeeper are making a profit.

EDWARD HYAMS

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The first thing to be said about *The Entertainer* is that it is stamped throughout with the unmistakable and authentic personal accent of its author's individual style. It is the same voice speaking as we heard in *Look Back in Anger*, making the same kind of protest. In the theatre where we hear so many banalities, so much utility dialogue and stock line of language, it is a delight in itself to hear a genuine personal style. This play differs from the last by being an attempt to move out from the realistic four-wall convention. And it is, I suggest, in this attempt that the play has got itself bogged down. For in fact it falls pretty squarely between the two stools. For seven-tenths of its length it is in fact a family drama (not very ably conducted), and of the remaining fraction, one part is highly successful, two parts not.

The dazzling successful part, as everyone now knows, is the superb impersonation by Sir Laurence Olivier of a seedy music-hall comedian treading the boards of some low suburban hall. This is a virtuoso turn so staggeringly perfect and exact, and so funny, that it is even in danger of throwing the play by its sheer excellence. We are so delighted by Sir Laurence's really terrible little patter-man that we are at first in danger of forgetting that this is also a character in the play. (An easy re-arrangement of the opening scenes would do a lot to obviate this. In the later scenes as the words of his tired little songs get more and more off-beat, the danger recedes.)

Mr. Osborne's vision of England is expressed through three generations. There is Grandad, continually reminding us in the words of his old songs that life is not what it used to be, that our glory lies in the past; there are the middle-aged Father and Mother living mechanically on tired routines, on tattered and tatty patterns of gentility and patriotism—and on gin; and there are the young people who are simply—there is no need to avoid the phrase—angry. Of these groups only the middle one begins to be successfully handled. Grandad, in spite of all the resources of the resourceful Mr. George Relph, is, frankly, a purely conventional character, who easily, and indeed very early, becomes a bore. The long opening scene between him and the daughter is so much waste. The necessary information in it could be conveyed by any competent working dramatist in a page of dialogue. Nor in later scenes does Grandad enrich the texture with anything except clichés.

Of the two young people the girl does from time to time express a current mood. Her first outburst is in admiration of her brother Frank, who spent six months in jail as a conscientious objector, as against her other brother Mick who is on the pages of the evening papers as a hero for some exploit in Egypt, and is thereby raising the easy, flag-waving sentimentality of her parents. And later she has one or two other characteristic outbursts. But Mr. Osborne is singularly careless (perhaps deliberately so in pursuit of some Brechtian purpose?) about placing and defining his characters. This girl Jean is engaged to a "posh" type, but the engagement is in danger or is broken. She has been teaching painting to a class of juvenile delinquents whom she despises. She has been attending demonstrations in Trafalgar Square, but in a very half-hearted, unengaged sort of way. It is all extraordinary negative and driveless—without this nihilism being built up as the point of her. Too much of the time she is used as a mere feed to her father. Miss Tutin makes what she can of the outbursts, but for the most part she has a thankless task.

Equally when the conscientious objector brother Frank comes on the scene, we expect something to be made of the build-up we have had for him—only to be disappointed. He has inherited a talent for song-and-dance from his father, and this Mr. Richard Pasco exhibits brilliantly. But he might just as well have been a happily extroverted young footballer, as the kind of character we have been prepared to expect.

This inability to place his characters, to give them the emotional weight where it is needed if they are to affect us, is visible even in the best creation in the play, the Entertainer himself. Archie Rice, the sad and seedy performer in public, is evidently in private life something very different from the conventional idea of that kind of man. He is capable of turning on his wife with a line of invective as pungent, educated and contemporary as Jimmy Porter's. He is given lines such as "Observation is the basis of all art" or "Engaged? Rather suburban for intellectual types like you?" Now, a man capable at the same time of comments such as those, and of the public performances we have seen him give, needs a bit of explaining. Certainly very much more than Mr. Osborne bothers to give, and decidedly at an earlier stage than he gives it.

The fact is that Mr. Osborne has not yet taught himself the most elementary of the playwright's techniques. In addition to this question of the weighting and placing of explanation—all the sleight of hand of "preparation"—his narrative technique barely exists. It would be a great pity if, encouraged by his too enthusiastic admirers, he should simply come to despise these technical devices. It is fashionable to regard them as only a set of tricks. But they are in fact the grammar of his craft. If he will learn them, it will strengthen not weaken his plays. As it is, *The Entertainer* is held together only by the strength of Sir Laurence's remarkable performance helped out by an extremely able piece of pathetic acting from Miss Brenda de Banzie as his drinky wife.

Yet I don't want to underestimate either the play or the part. Not even Sir Laurence could make bricks without straw, and his part is very much more than straw. The songs and the patter are brilliantly written, slowly running down into further depths of vacuity throughout the evening, and in the family life sequences it has two wonderful moments beautifully held and caught. The play is certainly disorganised—it wants, I would suggest, some hard work doing on it yet—but all the same it lights up the contemporary scene with vivid flashes. It is not surprising when we look around us, if the young feel disgusted with their inheritance. Mr. Osborne not only speaks out for that disgust but symbolises, too, in Archie Rice some of the things that disgust them. And this part of the play does work.

Mr. Tony Richardson has had a very difficult job in trying to organise the chaotic material and he does pretty well up to the last act which suddenly opens out into a really completely different convention; no one could cope with this sudden change. But the play is admirably staged and Mr. Alan Tagg's set combining the music hall and some theatrical digs is a little triumph. So too is John Addison's music which is both witty and moving. It is admirable that Sir Laurence should have seen the importance of a play even in this half-cooked state and put it on its feet. Let us hope, for the sake of the many people who have failed to get seats for this season, that he will be encouraged to resume it in the autumn after the tour of *Titus Andronicus*. And meanwhile Mr. Osborne could strengthen it enormously. Cutting alone would be a great help.

T. C. WORSLEY

The Happy Isles

CINEMASCOPE at the Academy cinema may seem a wry departure, but in fact it introduces a film that makes splendid use of it. The screen is not a foot too broad for *The Lost Continent*. It begins with the unhappy trail of families on the march along a bare mountainside: a key image of our times, and of time rather than place. This happens to be in south Asia. Then from the crowded, neon-lit town we are distracted to a floating community in the harbour, to a wedding in the ceremonial style. Unveiling, fireworks, music, the sea itself, exert a spell. The film-makers will escape from new Asia by taking Marco Polo's route through the China seas (Java, Bali, Sonda, Borneo); and exploring the old, they will bring back something new.

A Malayan sailing boat carried the CinemaScope and colour equipment. These machines must have been as startling in some surroundings as an invasion of Wells's Martians; but they, or those who work them, know the trick of self-effacement so that they penetrate temples, overhang rice-fields, listen to volcanos, explore jungles and the patterns of lives. Nothing interposes between us and the generous view, and the film's rare achievement is that it not only conveys scenes of great beauty and interest, but preserves a mystery. The life in these islands, sometimes quietist, sometimes sustaining a warlike past, is ruled by a sense of impending calamity. Without rain, the terraced rice-fields will never produce their crop; and so the fields are holy, and only children may joggle the long lines of scare-crows to ward off evil spirits. Virgins will bring flowers to cast into the sea where their menfolk have gone fishing. The temple of the volcano god will be hollowed out of the mountain itself as near as possible to the source, gold leaf will be affixed to the great image, and perhaps once more, wrath will be averted. Krakatoa is a name that has sent its message of terror round the world; here under its shadow life is quiet, tense, and devoted.

Violence, of which we have had formal glimpses in the yoked bull races and foot fighting, reaches a climax with the Dyaks of Borneo. Yet even here a real ferocity has been moulded to dance and charade; the youth who wants to win favour no longer goes looking for a head; skulls are handed down from generation to generation to

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grace the wedding feast, and when the young warrior "steals" a girl from another tribe and is pursued by avengers in canoes, it is only in play. The beauty of the people themselves (the Balinese even more than the Borneans) is matched by a ritual no less beautiful. The whole episode of the fishing fleet, the exodus in canoes, the virgins throwing flowers in the water, the death of a fisherman, the joyous snapping of the thread of life from the coffin, the cremation chanting, and the final lasso whirls of nets on the shore, excite far more than pleasure for eye and ear. They gratify instincts that may not be satisfied, nearer home, by the spectacle, say, of a gentleman raising his bowler hat to a cenotaph. Some such dissatisfaction sent Count Leonardo Bonzi and his colleagues off to these "happy" isles—perhaps not so strangely named,—and with skill and devotion they have brought back a film rich in the qualities that distinguished Flaherty. May they travel again, and soon!

The Smallest Show on Earth (London Pavilion) turns out to be a "flea-pit" in a smelly town, left by a great uncle. The young London couple (Bill Travers and Virginia McKenna) who inherit, have some difficulty in knowing what to do with it, especially since there's a staff consisting of Margaret Rutherford, Peter Sellers, and Bernard Miles at their most gothic. I thought the farce, written by William Rose and directed by Basil Dearden, rather slow in warming up, but the Bijou comes into its own and the dramas seen there as well as the audience triumph. Both reach their climax with a desert film and the boilers stoked up in the cellars and the entry of the ice-creams.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Abroad and at Home

On a return visit to Moscow I have just seen something of the rapid growth of television in the Soviet Union since I wrote on this subject last (September). As the people at Moscow's television centre put it, "the plan is being overfulfilled." It is estimated (very roughly, since in rural districts as many as ten viewers may use one set) that some five or six million people can now see the programmes transmitted from Moscow. This advance on the much smaller figure quoted to me last autumn has been made possible by the relaying of programmes through radio-links in a number of centres, and by the use of helicopters, for setting up auxiliary mobile radio-links—a method of expanding the area of reception that is both flexible and suitable in underpopulated districts in which the construction and servicing of buildings would be uneconomic.

Moreover, Moscow viewers, like us, now have (without commercials) a choice of programmes. There is no distinction in "seriousness" or "lightness" between the two channels: opera or ballet or classical drama may be broadcast on one channel one evening, on the other the next.

In a Moscow flat I saw an entire performance of *Swan Lake* by the Bolshoi Ballet, transmitted live from the theatre. The intervals were filled with miscellaneous film—a Caucasian travelogue, artists at work, sport (skating, boxing, fencing, rowing), a documentary on old Russian wooden architecture. In England a special adaptation of such a work as *Swan Lake* is generally thought preferable, televisually, to the broadcasting of an ordinary performance—partly, I suppose, because TV programme-planners, unlike the aristocrats of the Third, are afraid that they will lose their audience if any one item goes on for too long; partly also for technical reasons. I can only say that the mastery and tragic force of the performance by Maya Plisetskaya and the Bolshoi company came through overwhelmingly and unswitchoffably on this occasion, and that the quality of the picture was excellent. (It was interesting, a few nights later, to see *Swan Lake* in the flesh at the Stanislavsky Theatre, with a less mature company but with a *prima ballerina*, Violetta Bovt, whose Odette-Odile was quite different from Plisetskaya's—less poignant but more electric and more mischievous and not, so far as I am competent to judge, less accomplished in technique.)

In general, however, I do not think that Soviet TV programmes will develop on lines markedly different from ours. They would not be likely to include a discussion of the *Free Speech* type, but they already consist largely of the sort of material which is the main stuff of British television also; and now the producers are even turning their attention to the panel-game and giveaway-quiz type of programme. So far they have had closed-circuit experiments only, and these were not altogether successful; but there is no reason why the sort of formula which has proved so popular in Britain and America should not please Soviet viewers. (A Lime Grove cynic, to whom I mentioned this development, said: "I suppose they'll call it 'What *Was* My Line?'")

As yet, there is no audience-research organisation in Soviet radio or television: audience-reactions are judged solely from the letters that come in.

I came back to London to find that the row about the Third had been settled by a compromise which we cannot yet judge finally: we shall have to see how it goes. I am inclined to agree that the removal of extremely specialist lectures, which could equally well, or better, be read in print, will be no great loss; the great thing is to safeguard the Third's genius for exploration in music and drama, ancient and experimental.

I also came back to the aftermath of Dr. Bronowski's protest against Mr. Bernard Braden's chairmanship of *The Brains Trust*. On this, I agreed strongly with Critic's comments last week; and on Sunday afternoon came the proof that he was right in arguing that this programme need not "go down-hill because its chairman is not an 'intellectual'." Mr. Braden is in fact an intelligent man who has shown, in his regular work, symptoms of a social conscience; and his leadership of a well-assorted team—Margaret Lane, Julian Huxley, Clough Williams-Ellis and Noel Annan—seemed to me far preferable to that of his predecessor (who has, no doubt, in other respects, his own admirable qualities). The discussion still went at a leisurely tempo, but Mr. Braden provided just the right amount of grit to shape its shell: the old limpness had gone. "*Right*—second question," he would say crisply. He also seemed to me to butt in rather less than had been customary; and butting-in on people like Huxley and Annan, even for the sake of formal relevance or a tidy "summing-up," can be an impertinence. To consider Mr. Braden unworthy to chair a serious discussion is to confuse seriousness with pomposity. In any case, Dr. Bronowski has often taken part in *Any Questions?*, which is far less "serious" than *The Brains Trust*; so what was his grievance?

I also returned to an interesting demonstration of the familiar theory that there is a real, if largely subjective, difference between watching a live and a filmed TV programme. Several people, not all monarchists, had told me how fascinating the BBC's coverage of the royal visit to Paris had been; but—except for a few shots of fountains, fireworks, and *Les Indes Galantes*—Sunday night's anthology of filmed extracts from what had been seen live during the week seemed to me, with its succession of mile-long banqueting tables and dignitaries climbing marble staircases, as boring as any other newsreel of a royal function.

TOM DRIBERG

Victor Borge, at the Palace

Mr. Victor Borge, the comedian London is suddenly raving about, drew a large and warm audience to the second night of his seven-week season. We were so warm, so well behaved, so perfect an audience, he said, that he would come and see us again the following night. If you see the humour of that, you will enjoy your evening with Mr. Borge. But it is also, I believe, exactly like that that he does see his audience. He is amused by them, is amused that they should find him amusing, and on that he bases his act. He doesn't rely, as so many comedians do, on having heard a

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funny story or having had a funny experience. He is a casual conversationalist who carries every line he develops relentlessly to its absurdly logical conclusion. He is a master of the pause and uses it to achieve a startling surprise with a plain statement of fact. As he sits at his spotlit black grand piano, he comments on its three pedals. "People wonder why it has three . . . the middle one keeps the outer ones apart . . . that's all . . . bad luck on people with three feet . . . or more." He plays the piano exceedingly well when he wishes, but for the most part he merely tinkles. All in all he might be described as a one-man Goon Show and would indeed be every laugh as funny if he restricted himself to half an hour. For thirty minutes of Mr. Borge would be just not quite enough and with tears of laughter in our eyes we should all say, believing it to be true, that he should have gone on all night. As it was I felt at the interval that Mr. Borge had done all there was to be done. I was wrong. He came back and did it again.

J. A. L.

"Music of the Century", at the Royal Festival Hall

Some three thousand romantics flocked to the Festival Hall last Monday to listen to a programme consisting of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* and Britten's Spring Symphony, performed by the London Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra under Hans Swarowsky. The Mahler is familiar enough nowadays to need no description, but Britten's anthology in praise of spring unfortunately isn't. When it first came out some seven years ago there were a number of people who found it fragmentary, even broken-backed, and it's true that Britten took a risk in setting such a large number of different poems within a single work—and, of course, the word "symphony" in the title tends to jar against antiquated prejudices as to what a symphony should be. But the real trouble is that in performance there is almost bound to be a weakness somewhere in the very large forces that Britten employs, a weakness that will rob one or more of these settings of its effect and so lose the whole work's momentum. A really adequate performance would let us see how lavishly Britten has poured his inspiration into the Spring Symphony, and so far there have not been many in London.

Praiseworthy but inadequate. One is often left with this feeling after London concerts, even when they are planned with as much imagination as this one. There were not enough strings to give the right internal balance in the orchestra; not enough sheer voice from Pamela Bowden and William Herbert, who took the solo parts in the Mahler (though Miss Bowden did show considerable insight into the passionate melancholy of the last movement); not enough breadth of phrasing; not enough gradation of tone or dynamics. I suppose all this is pretty well inevitable while concerts have to be put on with grossly insufficient rehearsal, but someone (and that means the critic) has to keep pointing out that a higher standard exists, even if we hardly ever hear it reached.

J. N.

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HAZARDS OF RADIATION

SIR,—Two weeks ago the NEW STATESMAN referred to the divided opinion of scientists on whether the increased radiation produced by recent H-bomb tests is genetically significant. The belief that scientists are uncertain about the effects, and that more research is needed before the problem can be solved, is a dangerous and inaccurate one. Unfortunately, it is a belief that has been widely expressed by the press and in parliament. Possibly it is due to the failure of most of the leading geneticists in this country to make authoritative statements on this point.

It is known that all levels of radioactivity produce some mutations. It is known that the majority of mutations are harmful. Knowing the increase in background radiation since the first thermonuclear bomb was exploded, it is possible to make an estimate of the number of genetic deaths that will result. Haldane (1955) has made such an estimate. Using a lower figure for increased radioactivity than that given in parliament recently by the Prime Minister, his extreme minimum number of deaths that will inevitably occur from this cause over the whole world in the future was 2,000; his maximum figure was 300,000. The Medical Research Council report made no such attempt to assess the damage that has already been done, but concerned itself with the dose of radiation that might double the normal rate of mutation. This is a purely arbitrary standard that does not help to clarify the points at issue.

It must be realised that the danger to the health of individuals from Strontium 90 is an entirely different problem in which further research is vitally necessary. The genetic problem is no longer a problem for scientists but one that must be solved by politicians now. Further genetic research will only narrow the limits given above; the ethics of the situation will remain unchanged.

Any politician advocating H-bomb tests should also state that a certain number of deaths will inevitably result from the tests. Use of words like "insignificant" is merely to deceive the public as to the real issues at stake.

ROBIN HOLLIDAY

Emmanuel College,
Cambridge.

OPERATION PAVEMENT

SIR,—Evidence of the inhuman treatment of London's homeless people is piling up, and remains disturbing. But it should not be supposed that this is in any way typical of the welfare department's response to others who need its help. Some of its old people's homes, for instance, are models of civilised humanity. This striking difference shows what damage sheer expediency can cause.

Similarly, it is often found officially convenient to label a family "feckless and irresponsible," and so write it off. It is too little realised that most fecklessness is a form of unbalance, rather than a defect of character—even where rent arrears are concerned. In a recent case of L.C.C. eviction, the husband suffered from a severe nervous illness and had attempted suicide. In his irrational state he saw no reason to pay his rent. The right term here, surely, was "not responsible"—and, therefore, not culpable either. Preventible unbalance is even more distressing. I once spent hours reasoning with a desperate young man who threatened to withhold his rent, desert his wife and blow up County Hall. He was, of course, labelled irresponsible. But the reason for his unbalance was his inability, in spite of good earnings, to provide his family with sanitary living conditions. Perhaps it was feckless of me to have suggested to the L.C.C. that here was a strong sense of responsibility being utterly frustrated. At any rate this cut no ice.

The imprisonment of families in single rooms positively induces outbreaks of fecklessness, all of which will be carefully chalked up for further reference; but the amazing stoicism and courage of those families who go on paying rent for vile accommodation, go on managing to keep themselves clean and do not take to drink, or some other form of escape, is largely taken for granted. It is a great defect of the present system that when these deserving families become homeless, through no fault of their own, they have to go through the same mill, at Newington Lodge, as those who have become demoralised. This must also create extra problems for the staff, whose duties are in any case unenviable.

There is one more point: many parents who are anxious to take in a homeless married son or daughter and their children, are unable to do so because they live in L.C.C. flats where overcrowding courts eviction. This is one more reason for the provision by the L.C.C. of more and better hostel accommodation, and for adopting the sympathetic and constructive ideas of your many correspondents.

AUDREY HARVEY

14, The Mount,
Hampstead, N.W.3.

POST-McCARTHY McCARTHYISM

SIR,—An American friend of mine, resident in England, has informed me that the British press has been replete with references and speculation recently giving the impression that the atmosphere of McCarthyism in America has subsided with the political retreat of McCarthy himself, and that, for example, it is no longer necessary to turn informer before the various Congressional inquisitions in order to receive grace.

At about the same time I received a communication from Mr. Harvey O'Connor, a well-known author and chairman of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, which began: "'Give us some names and you will not be called' is the demand made by the agents of the House Un-American Activities Committee in preliminary visits to subpœnaed witnesses. Thus more and more the test of loyalty is the willingness to betray friends and former associates . . . How long will the American people allow their supposed servants to harass and humiliate in the name of security?"

It is not only likely, but it happens to be a fact, that Mr. O'Connor, who is a lot closer to the situation, is right and the press of Britain altogether off the beam. In fact, one wonders, in the face of the still grievous condition of civil liberties in this country, how such a notion could have got abroad. In the single week of March 25, for example, these things happened:

1. A staff member of the *New York Times* was convicted on five counts of contempt of Congress for asserting the rights of the First Amendment before a Senate Internal Security sub-committee. He was the third journalist so convicted and the trial of a fourth is due shortly.

2. A former television programme director was sentenced to three months in prison and a $500 fine for refusing to name any names before the same authority.

3. Three artists of the entertainment world were indicted for contempt of the Un-American Activities Committee, having stood on the First Amendment. The committee itself at that moment was plying its trade in Chicago.

4. A federal judge in Brooklyn revoked the citizenship of James J. Matles, the director of organisation for the independent United Electrical Workers. Matles was convicted of fraud in connection with his citizenship papers on the testimony of three informers which was as demonstrably manipulated and unworthy of acceptance as anything we have seen yet.

5. On still another front Communist Party attorneys filed another brief in the long-litigated attempt to force the party to register under the Internal Security Act. And hearings recommenced in a similar effort aimed at the independent Mine-Mill and Smelter Workers' Union.

This summary comes from a weekly of infinitesimal circulation, the *National Guardian*. An inspection of the regular press of the country, for the most part, would fail to reveal most of this information, and it is my own feeling that what *has* happened here—and it is perhaps considerably more ominous than the previous, or McCarthy, stage—is that the far narrower concept of democracy and the liberties of the people envisaged by the McCarthyites has settled in as a new way of life for Americans. Acceptance has replaced controversy. McCarthy has won and is no longer needed.

That this is firmly structured into our society now is pointed out by a book review in a new issue of the *Nation* magazine. It is a review of a catalogue of all the "laws, orders, and directives defining and proscribing treason, communism, disloyalty and subversion" compiled by Senator Wiley. The reviewer calls the 409-page catalogue "an awe-inspiring volume" that "tells the story of a true revolution, and provides a sobering perspective for those who believe that liberty was destroyed by a senator named McCarthy and then restored with his political decline."

31 East King Street, York, Pennsylvania — DAVID WESLEY

CINEMA TAX

SIR,—Whilst you do not single out specially for comment the tax concession to cinemas, the tenor of your remarks implies "damnation with no praise." It is, I fear, all too easy to dismiss the notoriously "crazy" cinema industry as beneath serious consideration. Visions of film stars making a fortune for two or three months' work, and "bit" players as much as £50 a day, merely obscures the other end of the scale with usherettes and cinema employees receiving pittances. (An usherette's wage averages, I suppose, about £2 17s. 6d. and doormen and such like about £6 10s. 0d.)

The vast difference between the production and exhibiting sides should not be overlooked. Producers are notably extravagant in their outlook and habits, as is too their publicity machine, but the exhibiting side is also often a sober and grim affair.

There is some excuse for the above niggardly rates. Entertainments Tax previously accounted for about 38 per cent of gross receipts at the box office. Over and above this is the levy (payable weekly like the tax) in aid of British film production. This costs each cinema an average of some £15 to £20 extra a week. Out of the remaining 60 per cent of gross takings the film distributors, on behalf of the producers, frequently take as much as 50 per cent, leaving 30 per cent of gross takings to cover the running costs of the cinema. With reduced takings at the box office this modest share for the exhibitor has made it touch and go as to whether he made any profit at all.

Entertainments tax on cinemas had reached punitive proportions and was far in excess of that levied on any comparable industry. I suppose mulcting entertainment so severely is a relic of the Puritan tradition. When business boomed (during the war and just after) the cinema was the milch cow; now there is only skimmed milk left. The tax concession, whilst tantalisingly inadequate to ensure a prosperous industry, will perhaps go some way to enable cinema owners partially to improve staff wages and carry on themselves without actually going bankrupt. But it will benefit British film production very little; and the public cannot expect any reduction in admission prices.

CINEMA LICENSEE

B.B.C. CHANGES

SIR,—Critic's references to the B.B.C. changes are disappointing. One could have expected a journal so largely representative of educated opinion in this country to have appreciated the degree to which serious broadcasting, and especially the Third Programme, is likely to be damaged.

We are told that the flexibility of timing which is certainly a valuable feature of the Third Programme is to be preserved, but it is, I think, difficult to believe that it will not be impaired within the narrower compass which is to be the programme's normal time. As to the broadcast material itself, can there be any doubt that much that is valuable will be lost? According to reports of the press conference that I have read, Sir Ian Jacobs said that "although it will retain its cultural entity we shall eliminate some of the programmes which are of too limited an interest or which interest so small a group of people as to be not worthy of inclusion. Then there are other progammes, of course, that are not really suitable for broadcasting at all. These will go." We are left to speculate as to which programmes have "too limited an interest," and which of us can be confident that his own especial interest is not one of them? How many younger listeners will not now meet some special interest? And when it comes to programmes "not really suitable for broadcasting at all"—what are they?

As I live in London it is not perhaps for me to make the greatest noise over any attack on the Third. There are opportunities for me to attend many musical performances, assist at many meetings, which would provide Third Programme material. But others live in the countryside, or even in towns, where no such facilities exist. Even for those of us in London, or one of the university cities, there are other ways of being isolated. By having a young family, for instance, or by not being able to afford a tithe of the material offered on the Third in any other form.

55 Garkmoor Gardens, S.W.19. — GEOFFREY HODGES

SUBSIDISED SEGREGATION

SIR,—Having recently visited the University College of Rhodesia there is a good deal I would like to say about Sir Leslie Plummer's letter, which is a most unfair attack on the college. All there is space for is this: the proportion of African students to Europeans is simply due to the decision of the college to judge fitness for admission solely on educational qualifications. At present it is difficult to find Africans who have had a chance to acquire the necessary secondary school education. The situation is improving and the sixth form at Mulinda secondary school at Lusaka contains first-class material, but it is the first sixth form. The university authorities had to choose between residential segregation—but there is no segregation for games or in the students union—or an all-African college. The whole idea of the new college is to mix the races, and to ensure that this shall be so integration must be done by stages. As a matter of fact—by a curious and remarkable coincidence!—when the college was opened there was a breakdown in one part of the kitchen arrangements and this led to communal feeding. I have not heard whether the breakdown has become permanent! I do know that the extreme white racialists in Salisbury are roaring with alarm and passing motions of protest at the anti-segregationist influence of this most important experiment. This has nothing to do with the tremendous need for elementary education, where the problem is finance and teachers.

STEPHEN KING-HALL

VOTES FOR WOMEN

SIR,—Dr. Fairfield raises many interesting, if controversial, points. On one of these, however, I should like, if I may, to offer a correction. "At the outbreak of war," she says, "the leaders of all societies, militant and non-militant, ceased all forms of propaganda." But in fact, though militancy was called off, several societies continued to carry on without interruption their constitutional work. Notable amongst these was the Women's Freedom League, Sylvia Pankhurst's Workers' Suffrage Federation and the United Suffragists (an organisation combining militants and non-militants which was formed early in 1914 and which attracted to its ranks many former members of the Women's Social and Political Union, including Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence). Also, as I have stated elsewhere in a pamphlet, even "the suffrage societies . . . that felt unable to continue active propaganda for the vote . . . at least did not fail to hold a watching brief over political developments"; and when, in 1916, "a demand arose for the revision of the parliamentary register . . . the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies took the lead in forming a representative consultative committee to watch and if possible to influence, the course of events."

Thus the Speaker's Conference was not, as Mr. Fulford seems to imply (footnote to p. 304) formed in a vacuum but in a fresh breeze of encouragement from Suffragists.

MARY PHILLIPS

82 Kensington Church Street, W.8.

EZRA POUND

SIR,—All devotees of the art of poetry, whether disciples of its latest metaphysic or impenitent romantics sullenly persisting in the shade, must experience a vivid sympathy with any protest against the grim captivity of Ezra Pound. It seems astonishing that, while so many young men loudly proclaim that he and Mr. Eliot have revolutionised English verse, they do not maintain a more ardent, unremitting remonstrance against the misery of his existence in the public ward of a mental institution.

When I knew Ezra Pound long ago, before the First World War, his attitude to English poetry was not obviously subversive: he enjoyed all good verse. And it is because our encounters invariably released a certain mirth and gaiety and tolerant good humour that his present condition appears so unendurable. For though some bitter experience had already taught him an occasional assumption of cynicism, he was essentially kind, generous and disinterested—an exhilarating and unusual person in the literary world.

It is not clear to what degree he may now suffer from mental or nervous confusion. If he accepted an illusion about Mussolini, and loved Italy better than the land in which he happened to be born, an extreme penalty for those mistakes was exacted when he was taken prisoner. Now that a Hitlerian general is in command of Allied troops, and Nazi criminals of yesterday are tenderly rehabilitated, surely there is enough courage, compassion, and magnanimity among the writers of the U.S. to urge them towards some effective demand for the civilised conditions necessary to an unfortunate poet who never was guilty of cruelty or cunning, but who simply and loyally served, and still serves, according to his own rights and with no material reward, the cause of idealism and literature.

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

We are informed by Messrs. Macmillan that, contrary to what Mr. Graham Greene wrote last week, no case was brought by Mr. Evelyn Waugh against Miss Rebecca West and Messrs. Macmillan; and, indeed, the edition of the book in question published by Macmillan contained no reference to Mr. Waugh or to Mr. Greene.

Evelyn Waugh

SAYS

to FRANCES DONALDSON

about

Freddy Lonsdale

"I have read your biography with delight and congratulate you with all my heart. Perhaps it is not entirely tactful to say that I am also greatly surprised—surprised that your father had such a fascinating life and that you have the professional skill to handle the material in such a masterly way . . . I don't see how it could be better done. Where you excel is in the most delicate and complex task—of giving a frank and lively and delicate portrait."

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Twelve Weeks that Changed the World

On the 16th July 1940 Hitler directed his high command to prepare a plan for the invasion of England and, if necessary, to carry it out. The words "if necessary" indicate a fatal uncertainty of purpose. To have prepared for invasion months before and to have been ready for it in June might have been practicable; by the middle of July he was already too late. For twelve weeks until the end of September, the preparations went on and then were quietly shelved. Despite what was said on the German radio in the next few years there was and could be no intention of reviving them. Mr. Fleming's *Invasion 1940** is an examination of the growth of the German plan and of the British steps to counteract it. His book is not an official history—indeed he got little official help in England, though much from German and American sources—but is an independent and often ironical retrospect, written in the irresistible traditions of amateur strategy. Legends have grown up; stories have been enlarged; as he says, in a way the life of civilian England in this period has now become one of the suppressed subjects—one which everyone would like to talk about, but no one else would care to listen to. It has been bewildering to find a major and decisive drama, so odd, so personal, and so helplessly liveable.

There was also something unreal about the threat of invasion. It was felt by the Germans and by ourselves. We felt terror and unbelief. Picnics and tea-parties went on in the English countryside while the Battle of Britain was being fought at 20,000 feet immediately overhead. The church bells rang one Sunday and we were all out, with five rounds of ammunition apiece, manning bales of straw on the Berkshire Downs, waiting for parachutists, and the following week earnest campanologists wrote to the papers that the art of bell-ringing would be ruined. The village simpleton rang the alarm to headquarters because we were short of coke for the brazier. We gathered mushrooms and looked at the distant flack. Every old lady had spy mania. Trains crawled. Sweets were said to be poisoned. A mysterious white substance descending through the sky turned out to be the gossamer dropped by mating spiders and not an article of chemical warfare. We reckoned up, in the LDV and subsequently in the Home Guard, how many wrist-watches and fountain pens we could lift off our captured Germans. Our sergeant—a naturalist—scared us by collecting a ring of glow-worms round the brim of his hat as the German aircraft passed over towards the Midlands. The one moment when invasion did seem real to us was when we were told that our unit would be under the orders of the commander in the nearest small town, a low place of racing people and stable-boys. One of our farmers struck at this. The moment the Germans came (he said) he was going to co-operate with nobody; he was going home to defend his farm. We all agreed we also would go back to our houses. Two years later, when the local policeman told our Invasion Committee to select a spot for mass burials, we did not believe a word of it. We stalled at selecting a mortuary. This annoyed him. We had no idea, he said contemptuously, what an awkward thing it was to be dragging a dead body about all day because no one would take it in. It was about this time that I crawled a mile and a half down a field drain, interrupted in writing an article for this paper on Gibbon's experience with the Militia in the invasion scare of 1759 when the French were off Le Havre.

These comedies were the froth on the surface of darker preoccupations. They belong to the general story-book material of the invasion period, which extended (as Mr. Fleming shows) into the high commands in England and in Germany. In 1940—and this was the serious thing—Mr. Fleming says correctly we had our first national experience of "living like small children, in a small world." The true history of the English side of the affair is parochial. Claustrophobia and escape have always been the positive and negative poles of English life. Intolerably shut in, we have always had the illusion of being much larger than we are and, indeed, this has by no means been a total illusion. But in 1940 we were cut off even from our enemies, left in a vacuum and, of course, cut off from one another. I think it is true to say that English civilian life turned in on itself, went home, shut the door: small things became a resource and distracted us from the larger ones. There is, in great fear, a sense of privilege in doing one more small thing, before we are swallowed up. In spite of all the propaganda for the communal virtues, which we had absorbed in the Thirties, private life recovered its lost force and resisted the nightly bulletin. Yet, I doubt if to call us children is to use the right metaphor; we were, of course, prisoners, like the rest of Europe. The phase of likely invasion passed into the long five-and-a-half year siege. German propaganda kept people's spirits up, as Mr. Fleming says, by relieving the tedium by its dramatic threats. It was, he says, a tonic and a drug. The Germans were poor psychologists.

The fact is that Hitler was in two minds about us. He admired, he hated. At first he sensibly wished to eliminate England, and Mr. Fleming suggests he could have done this best by leaving us to stew in our own juice. If he had really prepared invasion, he should have stopped his armies on the Somme and come across in June. But Admiral Raeder was cautious. He knew that he had not got command of the sea. How to protect the flanks of the invading barges? By a barrier of mines? Mr. Fleming goes through the detail of it. It emerges that neither side had the means of finding out much about the other. The Germans supposed our Secret Service diabolically clever; yet it was the Germans who broke the British naval cipher. On our side we supposed, until we saw the barges, that the invasion would be airborne, and there was a warning that all German parachutists landed with hands up to simulate surrender; they would have grenades in their hands—an odd idea of how parachutists use their hands when landing. We were convinced, wrongly, that the Germans planned to land on the East Coast. We really thought the Germans were disastrously short of raw materials. These things are among the ordinary muddles of war. We were lucky in Hitler's misunderstanding of us and especially his delusion that he could frighten us into a settlement: that day-dream made him indecisive. We were even more lucky in the intellectual incompetence of Nazism, feminine in its reliance on the hysterical scene. The doctrine induced fatal vices. It had encouraged a raging emotionalism which led to mysterious changes of tactics. Why, when the Luftwaffe had knocked out one radar station in the Isle of Wight, did it not knock out the other four? Why, when they discoved that the strength of the RAF lay in the directing role of the Sectors, did they stop after half-destroying Biggin Hill and switch, in error, to bombing London? There is a suggestion that this bombing was an accident of briefing or navigation; but whatever the reason, the decision to continue the bombing was emotional. Mr. Fleming writes:

> There can be no doubt that this switch in German strategy saved Fighter Command from acute peril, or that its immediate cause was the RAF raids on Berlin, which in their turn were directly attributable to the accidental raids on London on the night of the 24th. . . . No one can say for certain that switch might not have been made in any case, without the benefit of provocation; for terror was a weapon equally dear to Hitler and Goering. But all the evidence suggests that without provocation it would not have been made so soon. The bombing of London had always been an integral part of the Sea Lion programme, but it had been regarded as something of a *pièce de résistance* and as such allotted a place of importance at the climax of the proceedings. . . . The inference seems inescapable that Hitler's decision to start bombing London D—15 instead of D – 1 was not a military but a political decision, taken in defence of his personal position and prestige. It was an extremely unwise decision.

It is when we speculate on what the Germans thought of doing in England when they conquered it that we see their copybook notions of English life. They were warned against the subtlety of Old Etonians—not good in brain but masters of understanding human weakness—directed to control key institutions like the Public Schools, the Boy Scouts and the Church of England. The records of the Religious Division of the Ministry of Information were to be "secured at once." The list of Trades Unions gives the address of the Amalgamated Society of Journeymen Felt Hatters. The instructions reveal the bizarre mixture of thoroughness and psychological naivety. But in England it would have been easy to be ruthless. The country is too small for successful guerilla warfare.

Mr. Fleming's book covers only the period of twelve weeks when invasion was a serious possibility. He looks back on it with irony. Nothing dates so quickly as modern war. Already 1940 is archaic; but it is the year when we began to live in our own smallness and when, with escape cut off, we began to learn about English life. The evacuation brought home—quite literally—the filth and barbarism in which large numbers of our people lived. It taught us that the traditional Baldwinian England of the countryside is delusive. It introduced us, for the first

* *Invasion 1940*. By Peter Fleming. *Hart-Davis*. 25s.

time, to mass life. And here the propaganda of the period has overlaid and outlived, I think, the realities of that experience. For obvious reasons, it was dinned into us that this mass life had a special virtue; all the films urged us to be monsters of patriotic co-operation, civic worth and attendance at the committee and canteen. The effect was to add a moral boredom to the boredom of war, and to convey—what we all knew to be untrue—that we were all worthy and standardised. I think the theories of the tedium and sameness of mass society or the Welfare State are the fruit of a propaganda which was started, for other reasons, seventeen years ago; yet everyone who went into the English social melting-pot in 1940 and who discovered the intensity of his own private life and the variety of the private lives of others, knows that this propaganda has no basis. Mass life was fantastically various. We were revealed to one another, in our finest hour, as a most picaresque collection of independent rogues, unexampled in self-interest and obstinacy. The bad legacy of 1940 is the lingering belief that to be a citizen you had to clock in like a saint.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Face In The Mirror

Grey haunted eyes, absent-mindedly glaring
From wide, uneven orbits; one brow drooping
Somewhat over the eye
Because of a missile fragment still inhering,
Skin deep, as a foolish record of old-world fighting.

Crookedly broken nose—low tackling caused it;
Cheeks, furrowed; coarse grey hair, flying frenetic;
Forehead, wrinkled and high;
Jowls, prominent; ears, large; jaw, pugilistic;
Teeth few; lips, full and ruddy; mouth, ascetic.

I pause with razor poised, scowling derision
At the mirrored man whose beard needs my attention,
And once more ask him why
He still stands ready, with a boy's presumption,
To court the queen in her high silk pavilion.

ROBERT GRAVES

Kyrenia, 1956

All day, being dazed by sun and speed,
We sang for palmy valleys or the mountain miles,
Coasted by ski-speared snow, and scrambled where
Castles tossed outworks in the air,
Green, fountained cloisters clutched their hills with greed:
But girls and donkeys had our fondest smiles.

Then waves or stones, all one. Yet later,
Dropping down, we saw how sky was cupped like blood
Within the pass. We paced a shadowed quay,
Walked uneasy between town and sea
This time of troubles, nor knew which alien greater:
The battle-ground of lies, surf's breath and flood.

For it was Devil and deep sea—
In things, at once a folly and aloofness goad;
So shame stepped with us through the evening scent,
Of little pausing to lament
Those many more to die here, all to be
The abstract deaths who never climbed our road.

BARRY TAYLOR

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On the Move

Progress in the Age of Reason. By R. V. SAMPSON. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

The last two centuries or so of European history have certainly been the Age of Progress. Whether things really improved is neither here nor there. Men believed in improvement and expected more of it to come. Now the game is supposed to be up. No historian would avow a belief in the theory of Progress, though some practise it privately when they write their rare books. Philosophers dismiss it along with the rest of metaphysics. Once they recognised a great moral design in human affairs. Now they acknowledge only one division in the history of the race—that between pre- and post-Wittgenstein. Mr. Sampson is latter-day philosopher enough to regard the idea of Progress with suspicion. But an antediluvian moralist lurks in him unavowed; and he has an itch to smuggle a few packets of value past those stern guardians, Messrs. Ryle and Weldon. As is well known, the beginner in crime always resorts to disguise. Mr. Sampson presents himself admirably decked as a historian; but the truth must be told—he is a philosopher all the time. He seems to have started with the excellent and most respectable plan of investigating how the writers of the eighteenth century took up with the idea of Progress; and all goes swimmingly for quite a while. First came the new scientific outlook of the seventeenth century which killed off the old theological moaning, if only by implication. Once rid of original sin, and it is obvious that man can become perfect. But how? Why, by the working of natural law. So there we are, safely arrived at Condorcet. But this Enlightened outlook has not much to do with Progress as we understand it. The Progress of the *philosophes* was merely one large jump, rather like having a tooth out: a bit rough while it lasted, but afterwards we should all be in a state of perfect bliss for ever.

Mr. Sampson has qualms when he has got us this far. It occurs to him that the ideas of the Enlightenment, instead of being an answer to the Oxford immoralists, are merely quaint; that is, they have become history, another odd bit in man's odd record. This does not do for Mr. Sampson; no philosophic dynamite here. So he has another go and gives us two books for the price of one—the second being on Progress in the Age of Science. This is not to my mind as good as the first one. It really amounts only to Marx, who is presented as a belated son of the *philosophes*. True enough in a minor way. But it is more important that Marx was the contemporary of Darwin. Marxism was really an attempt to turn capitalists into monkeys and then to show that Socialists would be their improved descendants. This, too, may be a quaint theory, but it is a long way from Condorcet.

The "Progress" of the nineteenth century was tied up with Evolution. And that in its turn was one aspect of the century's character: more people who moved about more, both in thought and in space. Progress, as we understand the term, is a generalisation based on increasing populations and railways. At least, that is how it looks to a historian. Progress may not be a satisfactory description for the destiny of mankind, but it works still in practical life. We assume that next year's car and next year's refrigerator will be better than this year's car and refrigerator. And so they are. This is good enough for me as a historian. Mr. Sampson, however, is a philosopher. He keeps worrying whether Progress is a valid theory; and he arrives at the conclusion, which may be valid in its turn for all I know, that there is something in it. I expect I am not the right person to write about his book, though I have greatly enjoyed it. It is enough for me if men have held certain ideas. Mr. Sampson wants to decide whether these ideas were right. I'm glad to learn from him that Progress is a sensible idea, but I can't say that I have understood his argument. However, some historian will grasp it in a couple of hundred years or so.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

DENT

★

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Two Contemporaries

G. Braque. By MAURICE GIEURE. *Tisné: Zwemmer.* 110*s.*

Ben Nicholson 2: Work Since 1947. Introduction by HERBERT READ. *Lund Humphries.* 63*s.*

The album-monograph on a living artist is surely a great invention. It is one of the new contributions of the twentieth century to the old "fine" arts which are pure gain. There are not so many of them, and this contribution is not an heroic one. But it is already part of the machinery of art and we should find it hard to do without. We need it, for one thing, because the character of an artist's *œuvre* has changed. The single separate picture now counts for less. Though the total meaning is perhaps as great, the appreciable unit is now often a year or a decade, a phase of an artist's development or the span of one of his styles, waxing and waning before it changes. The single separate picture usually carries its full weight only when it is seen in its human context: with the best will in the world (and no one who loves the art of the century can do with less) the single picture may be incomprehensible until its companions, predecessors and successors have given the clue to its idiosyncrasies. We need to know which direction it is pointing in, what in it is vestigial and what rudimentary, so that we can recognise in it a moment in the visual life of a man. There is not often much else to recognise in it, to tell the truth, and we can get on without much else provided that the natural meaning of the moment which is preserved is within our reach.

One work of the Renaissance or the Baroque is likely to preserve not a moment but a year: it is an album in itself, and normally a sumptuous one: it can be as plushy and as heavily upholstered as the worst that art-publishing can now do. It provides more of its own context and embodies more of its painter's life. Inspected singly and separately, pictures now appear, by contrast, to have shrunk. They have been shrunk forcibly and physically (by the combined efforts of friends and enemies) to fit private functions and private margins of tolerance. Art, for the moment, proliferates to fill a myriad tiny private frames and purposes, in place of a few less or more congruous public ones. The artists themselves still come in all sizes and the rare biggest, seen whole, look about as big as before.

No single reproduction of any single picture is much better than a shadow. But the shadowy procession that forms when reproductions are marshalled in order in a well-made book, can mean a great deal. It is the progression which is the major achievement that gives meaning to the separate works. When an artist's progress—marching still from plate to plate—is caught and bound between covers, the book captures something essential that only an unimaginably complete collection of the works themselves could replace. To value any picture by Braque fully—and fairly to value at all one of the early pictures painted when what is specifically his was merged in a communal endeavour—one must hold in one's mind the image of the total achievement, the outlines of the whole career. One holds in mind the whole artistic physique as one might the real image of a man (and it is useless to pretend that we are not helped by knowing what Braque or Nicholson look like). Perhaps it is the real image of a man; probably it is. We usually do not know for certain until, when the latest pictures have added their last stroke to the meaning of the first, death announces that this other metaphysical physique is complete.

In the meantime we familiarise ourselves with a human scale of reference. We gain, wherever we can, the kind of knowledge of the living context that allows each fresh picture to deepen an increasingly specific sense of how fine and agreeable a thing it is to be Braque. In Braque's case the very quietness of the pictures in the general din is eloquent of this. It is, in a way, appropriate that he should have been comparatively little published and written about. Moreover, one role of his pictures, to which almost any mature picture introduces one, is among their most essential and sustaining—their surface character as paint transformed into a fresh material with a palpable nature of its own, as inseparable from the still-life image as building ever was from stone. But there is much more than the wonderful skin to Braque's pictorial physique, and much, however positively and flatly stated, that is elusive. There was a need for a great album-monograph in the contemporary manner that presents with grace and scholarship a fat representative slice of a life-work.

This book comes about half-way to filling the need. Few reproductions of Braque can fail entirely: his spirit will percolate through almost any filter. These plates, particularly those in monochrome, are rather above the average, and only once or twice, passing a colour plate unrecognised, one finds that one has cut a friend. As an example of how not to cut a long and important story short I offer the following from the text: "Braque was cubist before Picasso. His *Mandolin* of 1908 (Pl. 19) proves it." By the time the reader has succeeded in studying the picture, which appears under another title in the chronology and under yet others (and the date 1909) in the notes and plates (though not on Pl. 19), and deciding just what it proves, he may be ready to turn back with relief to Mr. Cooper and Mr. Hope, whose surveys of their respective exhibitions remain, with the beautiful, irreplaceable *Carnets*, the most useful publications about Braque. The Tisné book will no doubt be superseded in a few years, but for the present the addict, at least, will find it hard to do without.

The Nicholson book is by comparison spare

and appropriate. It carries no flesh, no *catalogue raisonnée* or notes: one is left to discover with one's own eyes the media the works were done in. Sir Herbert introduces shortly (one is not worried for more than a moment, but "cool lyricism" . . . *Turner?*) and then, a bracing progressive chairman cutting the tackle, hands us over to an interesting symposium of Ben Nicholson's intelligent recent critics. Among other things, the metaphysical, Donne-like, "singularly English" side of him is well pointed out. Certainly some of the elements of this phase—the sharp backward turns of line, the black intersections that are put in like pungent, almost ironical comments, and the subversive play in the web of lines between illusory concave and convex suggestions—embroider the form like poetic conceits. I do not feel sure that this is what they are. There is in this phase a hint of elation and excitement as well as confidence. (These seven years were after all the triumphant period which both set the seal on a national reputation and made clear that no artist of his generation in the world is his better, the years in which everyone together at last saw the point.) There is a mood that readily enlists everything that rises to mind, incorporating elements that are descriptive, paradoxical, bitter-tasting or funny in the serenity of the work. The shapes may be narrower than in the earlier geometries. There is, nevertheless, an essential breadth about them, a natural breadth of expression. The expression of the pictures is now precisely the sharp expression that one notes in the photograph on the artist's own face.

The design of the book, which the artist supervised, is as good as one would expect. There are more plates and better ones than in the Braque, and an exceptionally faithful frontispiece by Ganymed. If Nicholsons are not to be given away with each copy, I do not see how more could be done.

LAWRENCE GOWING

Conquistador

South from Granada. By GERALD BRENAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

Of all the conquests Spain has made, perhaps none started in a more prosaic fashion than that of Mr. Gerald Brenan. His intentions when he went there first in 1920 were anything but romantic. "My choice of Spain rather than of Greece or Italy was not due to any special feeling I had for it," he writes; "almost all I knew about the country was that it had been neutral in the war and would therefore, I imagined, be cheap to live in." All he wanted to do was to educate himself by reading the large number of books he had brought with him, living meanwhile on his Army gratuity in some remote, cheap *pueblo*. Nor was there the least question of love at first sight. Crawling towards Madrid in a slow train, he was dismayed by the monotonous, treeless, empty landscape, the earth-coloured houses; in the capital itself it poured with rain and he was fleeced by lodging-house keepers; in Granada it rained again and instead of men in flowing cloaks and women in mantillas he saw a "glum, short-legged race who hurried past under umbrellas, or else talked in loud raucous voices till two in the morning."

Thus he approached Spain in the best possible way, without illusion or expectation, and yet there was to be romance for him here after all. He found it in Yegen, a poor little village of the Alpujarra, roughly half-way between Granada and Almeria and placed 4,000 feet above sea level on the flank of the Sierra Nevada; and of this he writes: "I feel quite unequal to putting into a few words the peculiar feeling of acquiescence and delight which, almost from the first, this village and its way of life and, beyond it, the whole yellow, ox-hide land produced in me." Here he remained for seven years, living as one of the community, sharing its pleasures and

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from the Government Bookshops or through any bookseller

interests, and in *South From Granada* he gives an account of his experience.

Some reviewers have a deplorable habit of saying that they "could" not put a book down. The present writer "could" have done so perfectly well, but did not, and read the 281 large, tightly-printed pages through in the whole of one night. In many ways this is the best thing that Mr. Brenan has done so far, and it is a book that will delight not only students of Spain, but everyone who cares at all for excellence in literature. Indeed, it is impossible in a short review to do justice to it. The erudition and careful scholarship of his earlier works are found again in this, but the author's power of description and sense of place, his appreciation of character and his brilliant touches of comedy have never before been so fully brought into play.

The tumultuous life of the village, with its intrigues, love affairs, lawsuits, murders and, at the same time, with its pattern of unremitting labour through the seasons of the year; the people, noble or eccentric or detrimental, all passionately alive, all feeling; their customs, their celebration of the great festivals of the Christian calendar, many of them surviving in a new guise from the old pagan world, and their folk tales of witches and sorcerers and haunted mountains and lakes: the chronicle of all these, set against the magnificent background of the Alpujarra, reads like a wild fairy story, full of poetry and excitement.

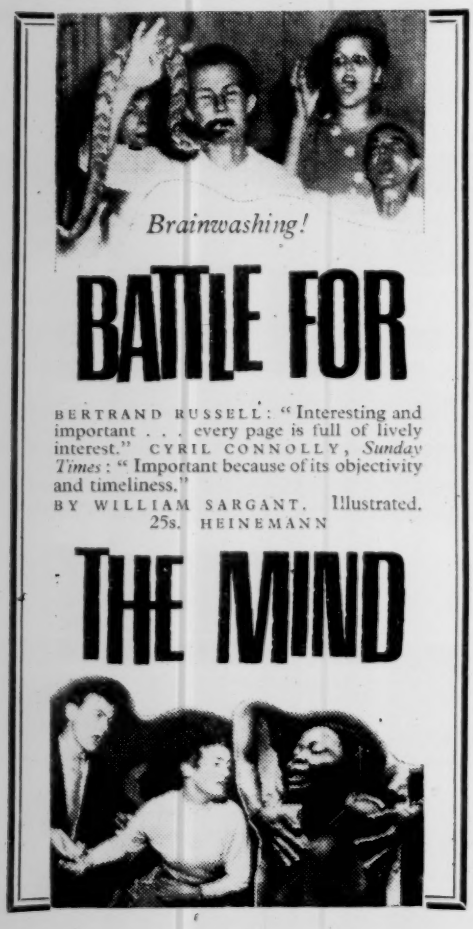
One of the things that took Mr. Brenan to foreign parts was a dislike of English middle-class life, and certainly the world into which he had wandered was as complete a change as he could have hoped for. The village was, even by Spanish standards poor: one of the few "*gente de categoria*" was his own landlord, Don Fadrique, a strange ineffectual man with a craving for low life and a curious addiction to fried polenta, fried sardines and chocolate sauce, all well mixed up together, as a breakfast dish. The inhabitants were mainly peasants, yet every member of the community, however impoverished, had his own assured place in it that nothing, not even bad conduct on his part, could take from him. Like all Spanish *pueblos*, Yegen was a law to itself, despising its immediate neighbours and indifferent to all that lay further afield: it had the Spanish rigidity in belief and custom, as well as the Spanish kindness and common sense in matters of practice.

"A word in your ear," said Don Horacio, the genial parish priest, "don't tell people that you are a Protestant. The country people are very ignorant and won't understand." In fact, Mr. Brenan found that some of them believed that Protestants were people with tails: who could have initially put that idea into their heads, the sagacious cleric omitted to reveal. Don Horacio was a rich character altogether, and his abrupt disappearance from the *pueblo*, and hence from Mr. Brenan's pages, following an abortive attempt to elope with the doctor's sister-in-law, brings a real sense of loss.

I personally regret the author's decision now and again to interrupt the flow of his narrative by striking a different note. His description of visits to his house by Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf and Roger Fry, witty and perceptive as they are, carry us right out of that sunlit, aromatic world into the cool mists and among the cerebral enthusiasms of Bloomsbury. The chapter on the brothels of Almeria seems to me a mistake: I have no wish to defame Mr. Brenan but he clearly knows next to nothing about them, and by treating the subject at such length he lends it an interest and an importance it can hardly deserve.

These are small criticisms, made with diffidence and respect, and only because of the major character of the book as a whole. For Mr. Brenan has no need to pad his material with entertaining gossip for the delectation of the common reader. His portrait of this little village in the mountains may well become a classic in Spanish studies, worthy of a place beside Ford and Borrow.

HONOR TRACY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THE MIND

Above the Clouds

Best Foot Forward. By COLIN HODGKINSON. *Odhams.* 18*s.*

Night Fighter. By C. F. RAWNSLEY and ROBERT WRIGHT. *Collins.* 18*s.*

Mr. Colin Hodgkinson, like Douglas Bader, lost both legs while training to fly, and, like Bader, he so successfully overcame the disability as to be re-accepted by the authorities for combat duties. But if the outline of the two stories is similar, the details are quite different. Mr. Hodgkinson, to judge by his own perceptive account, was, unlike Bader, a mixed-up character, and while he had Bader's example to spur him on, he had difficulties of temperament to cope with in himself which Bader was probably spared.

What makes *Best Foot Forward* peculiarly interesting is that Mr. Hodgkinson is that rare bird, a tough who is also self-aware. The self-awareness has come comparatively late in life, I imagine, and with it has developed a gift for direct and lively writing which makes his autobiography extremely readable. Hodgkinson was the son of a hard hunting father. "G," like many such, was a crank beneath a conventional exterior. He was an outstanding Master of Hounds, a county cricketer, a famous big game shot and could "blow a hunting-horn better than any man in England." He was an infallible charmer. But he was possessed by mad schemes for making money, and ended by losing most of it. An upbringing in this kind of family, for all its elegant outward appearances and graces, is often hard. Colin luckily was a tough little boy; he took to horses and games of all kinds like a duck to water, and learned to endure the physical hardships and even cruelties to which the upper classes often condemn their sons. But an insecure atmosphere at home and a lack of real affection caused or developed a streak of nonconformity: "I was unstable in the world of regulations; I bumped into rules as an awkward man knocks over small pieces of furniture in an overcrowded room." As his father's irresponsibility grew more pronounced, he learnt, early on, that if anything was to be made of his life he would have to carve it out for himself.

So the character was formed which had to face as tough a set of circumstances as any man has. For Hodgkinson had one further disadvantage over Bader. He didn't really like flying; he was never at ease in the air; and instrument-flying, especially, brought on a claustrophobia so acute as to be virtually unendurable. It was while flying under the hood in a Moth that he met with the accident which cost him his legs. The story from then on—operations, learning to walk on tin legs, getting back into the service, operational flying, baling out over enemy territory, prison camp, repatriation, the bowler hat—is the story of the fight to get on terms with himself, and Mr. Hodgkinson tells it with a detachment—he doesn't make himself out a very agreeable character—which itself seems proof that he has at last won through.

Night Fighter is less personal and so less dramatic in its impact, though it contains drama enough to last the average person a lifetime. It is, as its title implies, the story of the development of our night interceptor fighters told by the man who went right through the war as the navigator to John Cunningham, the most famous and successful of our night-fighters. The association started in 1937 in an auxiliary squadron of the R.A.F. when Mr. Rawnsley was already thirty-three years old. The pilot in those first few months of the war had with him an airgunner, and though they were in communication with the ground by radio, they had nothing in the end but their eyes for intercepting the bombers in the dark. Many of us used to wonder in those days how they ever succeeded in locating enemy aircraft in the great wide immensity of the night. It seemed a kind of miracle. But it wasn't. For the simple fact was that, at that time, they didn't. All the talk we heard then of "cat's eyes men" and of carrot-juice as an aid to night-vision was so much poppycock. By naked sight it was impossible to find the enemy: only when the first rudimentary radar sets were installed in the aircraft, did they begin to have any success. And how rudimentary those first sets were! Mr. Rawnsley brings vividly alive the frustration of trying to work with machines which were only intermittent in their contacts. One gathers that we were lucky to have two rather older and more responsible men like himself and Cunningham to press on patiently and determinedly through the humiliations and exasperations until at last some results were achieved. The story of the development of the apparatus is kept remarkably lively and interesting even to the layman.

RICHARD LISTER

Old Lamps for New

William Wetmore Story and his Friends. By HENRY JAMES. *Thames & Hudson.* 35*s.*

Published in 1903, a novel by Henry James called *The Ambassadors* was partnered in that same year by what proved to be a variation on an identical theme in the field of biography. Like the novel, James's memoir of his friend William Story was in effect an investigation of the impact of the Old World upon the New: as of the losses and gains attendant upon what was then, still, an original cultural transaction. If the novel provoked more attention than an essay which, of its nature, was as much the product of a committed loyalty as of independent literary inspiration, the biography, none the less, has continued for more than half a century to offer a pleasure equalled, and by no means always excelled, by the best of James's many novels.

"A boxful of old papers, personal records and relics all, has been placed in my hands, and in

default of projecting more or less poetically such an experience as I have glanced at—the American initiation in a comparative historic twilight—I avail myself of an existing instance and gladly make the most of it," wrote James. No one, certainly, could have made more of it: conjuring out of brittle letters and ink ghost-pale "a swarm of apparitions and reverberations as dense as any set free by the lifted lid of Pandora." To that essential opacity friends and acquaintances were materially to contribute. Having once grasped the fact that "the subject is the *period*," James was at pains throughout to present a landscape with figures: to enhance the interest of the principal portrait with highlights borrowed from other and more markedly idiosyncratic personalities. No work of art remains, however, altogether static: with the passage of time and the modification of sensibility vistas have been opened up with effects not all foreseen by the original artist himself. Today, the "old" Boston, personified in the character of Judge Story, in the glimpse of youth dancing "to the sound of the oaten pipe" beneath the "slim, vague Corot trees of the old Harvard 'yard'", seems to us at least as poetic and evocative as the old Rome of William Story's so emphatic predilection: charming us, indeed, no less powerfully than the account of the "old" Washington, in which, according to one elderly diplomat, "*lorsque'on sortait, le soir, de dîner chez le Président, on trébuchait sur les vaches couchées à la porte.*"

That Story felt the attraction both of the old world and the new, is suggested by his marked inability, in early years, finally to commit himself to one or the other. A young man, happily married, as happily furnished with every social and professional opportunity, he yet appeared, to the bleak incomprehension of his family, to be "gasping at home for vital air." The reader may indeed partake of this incomprehension when it is made plain to him that in adopting the aesthetic answer to the problem of existence, Story did so with no formal preparation whatsoever: the result being that when, upon the death of Judge Story in 1846, the son was invited by his fellow-citizens to produce a monument to his father, oddly, this invitation "preceded rather than followed upon any serious practice, on his part, of the sculptor's art." His father's death having, none the less, afforded him an opportunity not otherwise, perhaps, so gracefully available, Story, with his wife and child, sailed for Europe, disembarking at Genoa in the autumn of 1847.

With his first sight of Rome, six months later, Story knew that his instinct had not betrayed him. Rome presented itself to him, in that first Italian springtime of all, as a homecoming, long sought, long deferred: a spiritual reunion that obliterated at a touch the *malaise* of twenty-nine years of exile in his native land. To his friend Lowell, he wrote: "How shall I ever again endure the restraint and bondage of Boston?" To Boston, nevertheless, and even to the discipline of the law, he was more than once to return before settling, finally, in Rome, where he lived for close on half a century in a "voluminous" apartment on the second floor of the Palazzo Barberini, built by Urban VIII "out of the quarry of the Colosseum."

That there was a price to be paid for expatriation, Story well knew. It was a toll that he accepted without demur. Rome offered him, in exchange, that which his soul had hungered for: the climate of artistic creation. It offered him, not only an incomparable landscape, but incomparable friends. Pre-eminent among these was Robert Browning, with whom Story formed a friendship that was to endure unimpaired for forty years. Story was a man of letters as well as a sculptor; and there is a certain justice in the fact that, if Browning, at a period of poetic inanition, sought relief by modelling in Story's studio, Story plainly returned the compliment by modelling freely in Browning's poetic workshop.

> Success! Yes, while you stinted me in praise
> My pride upheld me; to myself I said
> "Some time they'll praise me, after I am dead.
> The work is good, although the world delays;
> I for the prize can wait."

Story, too, could afford to wait for the prize: and in 1862 it came to him in full measure. Exhibited that year in London, his decorously draped *Cleopatra* and his *Libyan Sybil* brought him an offer of £3,000, as well as the unstinted admiration of *The Times*. It was not, however, in stone or in marble that Story's reputation was eventually to be preserved, but in a medium that has proved itself conspicuously less perishable: the prose of a great writer.

BETTY MILLER

Eyewitnesses from Hungary

The Bridge at Andau. By JAMES A. MICHENER. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

A Handful of Ashes. By NOEL BARBER. *Wingate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

No one will look to these books for a profound analysis of the Hungarian Revolution or for an accurate and comprehensive narrative of its events. Mr. Barber was an eyewitness, and even a wounded participant, of the most dramatic days of Budapest and Magyaróvár; while Mr. Michener interviewed a great number of eyewitnesses and participants immediately after their escape across the Austrian frontier. Both make an honest effort to tell the factual truth and to give a balanced picture of events, as far as this is possible in books written with the conventional light touch of lively journalists about grave and involved matters. It is not, of course, altogether possible. Romance and melodrama tainted with Grand Guignol, into which they both tend to mould their noteworthy experiences, can only reflect one surface of life. Not all young freedom fighters are necessarily good-looking and not all AVO men are necessarily ugly; I came across quite a number of handsome torturers. In addition, witnesses, even honest ones, are often too obsessed with their own experiences to be trusted about all the details they relate. Little slips that come from hasty writing and publication could easily be detected in these books; but I do not think them important enough to distort the general picture.

There is perhaps one feature in Mr. Michener's description with which I would think it worth arguing. The eyewitness accounts he quotes on the cruelty of Russian, and especially of Mongolian, soldiers in Budapest are certainly exaggerated. Of course, their very appearance there was cruel, resulting in the demolition of dwellings, and the decimation of workers whom their masters pretended to "save from fascism." Their onslaughts on blocks of houses and crowds of people were often indiscriminate and hysterical. But most of them did not indulge in personal cruelty, and some of them, in their clumsy and puzzled ways, tried to be kind to the people they met. Apart from this the narratives of Mr. Michener's eyewitnesses give a reliable picture of the October and November events, and the author gives a very deft and truthful summing-up of all the information he received when he says—

> The revolution was proposed by the writers and philosophers of the Petöfi Club. It was initiated by daring students. It was maintained by determined young boys and girls who wrestled with tanks barehanded. But it was made effective by the men of Csepel [the greatest Hungarian industrial plants in the suburbs of Budapest], and when every other section was beaten into submission, these plain workmen, the propaganda darlings of communism, retreated to their island and maintained a defiance that startled Russia and the world.

Mr. Barber's book, in spite of his really impressive personal experiences, strikes me as poorer, not only in the quantity of its pages. It has, however, merits of its own. It is an easily readable account by an enterprising and adroit journalist, and in popularising facts which ought to be known by many, I am sure it does good service to an honest cause.

PAUL IGNOTUS

New Novels

Corruption. By NICHOLAS MOSLEY. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*

The Spiral Road. By JAN DE HARTOG. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

Mamba. By STUART CLOETE. *Collins.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Trumpet Shall Sound. By H. M. TOMLINSON. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The corruption of Mr. Nicholas Mosley's title is something which his hero, Robert, who tells the story, sees in the world around him, very vividly, but cannot diagnose, until it is almost too late, as it grows up in himself. Robert, in fact, discovers that there is something to be despised in himself and something to feel humble about in people he has despised. He grows, through pain, into greater self-knowledge. It is this theme which gives a considerable moral interest to a novel which, on the surface, looks like a rather too preciously written comic, and here and there slightly sentimental, melodrama about trivially self-indulgent people.

Mr. Mosley's people, except for a beautifully drawn rather Salingerish schoolboy, Julius, who represents assailed innocence, are certainly not, either by ideal or conventional standards, particularly nice. The heroine, Kate, is an arrogant, handsome creature who sleeps around a great deal just because the experience (with everyone except the hero) has always dissatisfied her. The hero has a great capacity for sulky self-pity and when he has made and lost Kate for the second time in his life—she first seduced him when he was a boy of sixteen—he goes slumming in the bohemian bottle-party world, picking up women there whom he regards with contemptuous condescension. He takes one of these, Suzy, to Venice, where she feels marooned. In Venice, he meets Kate again and for the first time her son Julius (who is his son, though he does not know it). He takes to Julius and his

The story of the Hungarian Revolt in the words of those who fought and escaped.

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anger at the atmosphere in which the boy is being brought up turns his frustrated love for Kate into passionate loathing. At a dinner party of Kate's he gets drunk, behaves with deliberate boorishness, and finally jumps off a balcony into a canal, swimming and then walking home. The scene is a prolonged hysterical sexual insult; and in this and the subsequent scenes, the strongest part of his book, Mr. Mosley uses his too mannered prose very subtly to convey what it is like to have a moral breakdown beginning without one's knowing it. Suzy thinks she is pregnant and Robert now brutally insists that she must have an abortion which he asks Kate to finance: every tender impulse has become corrupt in him, and he sees a distorted world. A melodramatic but vividly handled conclusion effects a catharsis. Robert saves Julius's life in a riot. He repents of his behaviour to Suzy. He learns that Julius is his son, and that what he thought was Kate's coldness was always fear masking excessive love. Kate goes back to a more wholesome life, Suzy marries somebody else; Robert is left high and dry, but no longer on the road to damnation.

It is interesting to contrast the moral interest of this story about immoral people with the lack, on the whole, of moral interest in Mr. de Hartog's vigorous, ambitious novel about very good people, doctors, medical missionaries, pioneers in the Indonesian jungle against ignorance and disease. People who live for others or for an idea ought to be much more interesting than people who live in a dreary round of pleasures for themselves, but the moral impact of fiction depends on the depth at which an author explores his people. Mr. de Hartog handles surfaces admirably, his jungle scenery, his evocations of surface tricks of manner and speech are first-rate, his theme of the perpetual struggle of the pioneer with himself in the wilderness is a grand Conradesque one, but when we try to probe below the surface we seem always to come on bundles of rather sentimental stock responses.

One can, in fact, exactly define Mr. de Hartog's achievement and failure by saying that *The Spiral Road*, of which no film has yet been made, reads too much like "the book of the film." It has the air already of being on a wide screen, in vivid Technicolor, with a mammoth all-star cast, and shot, regardless of expense, in a genuine steamy jungle. Anton, a tenderfoot doctor, arrives in Indonesia and is at once thrust deep into the interior to help a crusty old hand with a heart of gold to stamp out a plague epidemic. There is a leper colony founded by a Salvation Army officer and his wife, who used (vivid flashbacks) to be a prostitute and a thief. The husband, who has stupidly been given hormone injections, stays awake night after night, wrestling agonisingly with erotic memories; he will not have an operation, for that would mean leaving his wife, now dying of leprosy. Anton's own betrothed joins him and leaves him, he pursues other women, and goes morally downhill. He has to track down an old friend who has gone murderously mad in the jungle, and he shoots the old friend. Later, in an isolated outpost, he goes mad himself through native magic, or the fear of it. He takes to the bush. Crusty old heart-of-gold tracks him down and knocks him down; the Salvation Army officer prays over Anton, dawn breaks, Anton's sanity begins to return. The story, of course, grips one; but as one "strong" scene succeeds another one does have, as with most wide-screen epics, the depressing sense that behind all the thrills there is a lot of calculated contrivance.

One notices the texture of Mr. Mosley's writing because it is too self-conscious and yet sometimes very subtle. One does not notice the texture of Mr. de Hartog's writing, because his prose is merely an efficient instrument for evoking impressions. One notices the texture of Mr. Cloete's writing, because it sometimes makes one blush:

> There is no mystery in woman. There is nothing to solve. What she holds is life itself, As the vehicle through which it must pass. She is the cup of God. Beauty, all beauty, is felt in the genitals. A man is castrated by his awful sense of beauty. That is the pain he feels low down in his belly. . . .

What Lawrence and, in a different way, Hemingway could get off with, Mr. Cloete, who is not a man of genius, just cannot. But grope your way through such passages, and you will find that he has written a messy but exciting triangle melodrama, with an accurate and sometimes frightening Congo setting. Mr. Tomlinson is a distinguished senior figure, a little out of place in this gathering. His chronicle of the Home Front in the Second World War, a book about average decent people, and in a sense a book for them, is pleasantly soothing reading after these explorations of moral and physical jungles. It has its own minor embarrassments—"Heritage and tradition, mused the doctor. These two preserved a vitality in the land as natural as its flints"—but such little portentous touches spring, unlike Mr. Cloete's "wisdom of the blood," from wholesome roots.

G. S. FRASER

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Shorter Reviews

The Political Quarterly. April-June, 1957. Special Number on the Middle East. 7*s.* 6*d.*

This symposium is a timely and useful guide to current problems in the Middle East. Not all the contributions are of equal value. Colonel Geoffrey Wheeler provides an illuminating analysis of Soviet policy in recent years (though he inexplicably omits any reference to arms shipments), and argues convincingly that Russia's slowness in exploiting her inherent political advantage in the area was due to Stalin's unwillingness to treat the "National Bourgeoisie" as an ally. Hence it was only after his death that Soviet diplomacy was able to leap over the Northern Tier. The new Middle East policy, as he reminds us, was explicitly formulated at the Twentieth Party Congress, and it is strange that the theory of penetration which it outlines—and to which the Eisenhower Doctrine, by its very nature, cannot provide an answer—has received so little attention in the West. This point is also made in Mr. Robert Stephen's stimulating essay on "Political and Social Development," which should remove many popular misconceptions, and in Mr. Esmond Wright's lively article on the origins of the Bagdad Pact, a devastating critique of western military policy in the area.

The rest of the symposium is rather ragged and lacking in coherence. There is, it is true, an excellent article on Panarabism by Mr. Elie Kedourie, in which he advances the new and stimulating thesis that the movement is largely a "doctrinaire adventure," for which Britain is responsible. But Mr. McKitterick's article on Egypt—which should have been the core of the issue—is on the thin side: very little is said about her internal problems, and his assertion that "the attack on Egypt strengthened her position in the eyes of the Arab countries as nothing else could have done" requires amplification. Mr. Martin Patrick's article on oil is a superficial statement of the case for the big commercial companies. The author of the article on Turkey begins by saying that its inclusion in such an issue needs to be justified, but he fails to do so. It would have been wiser to replace this chapter by one dealing with events in North Africa, which played a crucial role in forming French (and hence, for a short period, British) policy towards Egypt. There is some overlapping, and where this occurs (*i.e.*, over the Bagdad Pact), the contributors do not always agree. But this is as it should be: there are no easy solutions to the problem of the Middle East, and the editors were right to provide a forum for discussion rather than cut-and-dried answers.

P. J.

Handbook of English Costume in the Eighteenth Century. By C. WILLETT CUNNINGTON and PHILLIS CUNNINGTON. *Faber.* 63*s.*

This handsome volume brings us within sight of the end of the monumental series on English costume at which Dr. Cunnington and his wife have formidably (and most successfully) laboured for 20 years. They have already given us copiously detailed and illustrated studies of the dress of both men and women in the Middle Ages, the sixteenth and the seventeenth century, of women's costume in the nineteenth century and the twentieth as far as it had gone, and a history of underclothes. Now, at nearly 80, Dr. Cunnington is at work on a final handbook, men and women together, for the nineteenth century, completing a work of reference which, for accuracy, pleasure and ease of handling it would be hard to match. The Cunningtons have been pioneers; they deserve the gratitude of all students of the subject, and it is difficult to imagine their work being superseded. The present work is perhaps the richest of the lot, the eighteenth century being the earliest from which a great many actual specimens of dress survive, a wonderful period for changes and detail of fashion, and for seeing the emergence of the idea of "smartness" as apart from beauty and ostentation. For this reason it has been given a longer introduction than the other handbooks, and the quotations from letters, newspapers and other contemporary sources are so full that the book can be skimmed for amusement as well as profit. The illustrations, as before, are a little uneven in quality; Dr. Phillis Cunnington finds the human face and figure refractory, but her costume details are of the greatest clarity. The other illustrator, Miss Barbara Phillipson, draws like a professional; it is usually possible to spot the sources of her drawings without turning to the index. A wonderful book to dip into for the intimate details of eighteenth-century life, quite apart from its main purpose.

M. L.

The Railway Station. By CARROLL L. V. MEEKS. *Architectural Press.* 60*s.*

After his forbidding introduction on nineteenth-century picturesque eclecticism, the author settles

down to guide us studiously through the history of what Ruskin dismissed as "the temple of discomfort," from Crown Street, Liverpool, to Matthew Nowicki's design for the station at Chandigarh. In striving to reduce to order the profusion of derivations through which the railway architects worked, Mr. Meeks distinguishes five main groups of successive styles between 1830 and the present: Pioneering, Standardisation, Sophistication, Megalomaniac, and Twentieth Century; and he exemplifies these groups principally in the urban station architecture of America and Europe. On this side of the Atlantic he pays the expected compliments to the roofs at St. Pancras and Paddington, York and Newcastle, and to Brunel's great hammer-beam at Temple Meads: but it is clear that he considers the French the most successful integrators of æsthetic and engineering. He does not quarrel with Perdonnet's judgment that the Gare de l'Est remains "the most striking example of railroad architecture."

In confining his book mainly to termini and major junctions, Mr. Meeks must needs lose much of the charm and originality in railway building found in the countryside; in Derbyshire, for instance, and in the unassuming use of timber in upper New York State and New England. As it is, this collection is bound to assemble the pretentious and the ugly along with the important. Examining the painstakingly selected illustrations, one is too often reminded of the author's own anecdote of the religiously educated little boy clutching his parent's hand in the smoke and darkness after stepping from the train. "Father, is this hell?" "No, my son. New Haven."

S. L.

New Penguins include a new translation, by Rosemary Edmonds, of *War and Peace* (2 vols, 7s 6d each), a selection made by Kathleen Raine from the poetry and prose of *Coleridge* (3s 6d), Peter Fleming's *Brazilian Adventure* (3s 6d), James Michener's *Return to Paradise* (3s 6d), Peter Wildeblood's *Against the Law* (2s 6d). Dents have published a new edition of Rossetti's *Poems*, edited by Oswald Doughty (18s) and their new Everymans include Keats's *Poems* (7s), Henry James's *Ambassadors* (8s 6d) and *Piers Plowman*, translated into modern English by Donald and Rachel Attwater (10s 6d).

Week-end Competition

No. 1,416

Set by Hellebore

The usual prizes are offered for an Anti-Garden Song in the manner of Marvell (*The Garden*), T. E. Brown ("A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!"), A. E. Housman ("I hoed and trenched, and weeded") or Kipling ("Our England is a garden"). Limit, 12 lines; entries by April 30.

Result of No. 1,413

Set by Hilbrian

The usual prizes are offered for a tutelary verse for the Prime Minister's residence, Chequers.

Report

Entries fell into two classes—the topical, and therefore temporary verse ("O may your next head Be a red!" S. M. Mansell) and the more durable inscription to suit all comers. Ethel Talbot Scheffauer's monitory quatrain might well grace the front door lintel:

> To-day thou'rt heer
> To-morrow otherweer:
> So do that men
> May wish thee heer agen.

Good sonnets came from R. A. McKenzie, Livingstone K. Bluntmore and G. J. Blundell.

Other entries which were included in my short list came from Dr. F. B. Julian, Alberick and Eric Swainson. In the end, however, the ladies led the field. Joyce Johnson and P. M. tie for first place with two guineas apiece; a guinea goes to Katharine Dowling for her Shakespearian parody, and another to Gloria Prince. Runners-up: F. Sinclair, Allan M. Laing, J. A. Lindon, John Thornton and Stanley J. Sharpless.

CHARM FOR CHEQUERS

Comfort, Ease and Restfulness,
Be ye found in each Recess;
Dry rot, never take the floor,
Hence—all creatures that would bore!
Paths, be free of stumbling blocks,
Strike, ye clocks—and *only* clocks!
Neither blow nor knock upset
Any post or cabinet;
Every tap be leakage-proof;
All attempts to raise the roof
Utterly foredoomed and thwarted;
Bricks undropped, and bench supported;
All the mortars and cements
Made of strong constituents;
No division shall appal,
This the safest Seat of all!

JOYCE JOHNSON

Cross this floor who may—in thee,
House—let no Division be,
Envious Opposition, cease!
Questions raised, ask only peace!
Underneath this roof congreed
Ev'ry Party here succeed!
Rest and ease these portals bless—
(Stick no Bills)—with sweet Recess!

P. M.

Disciples of the Double-think
(Party rebels) be not seen;
Cartoonists, stay your cruel ink;
Commentators, gulp your spleen:
But loyal P.P.S.'s, come,
And party stooges, sing him home
With laud-a-Tory lullaby.
Neither whiner nor resigner
Come our leading statesman nigh—
And most especially, come not *Nye*.
Don't-like-Ikers, come not here;
Hence, you bosom-vipers, hence!
Butskellites, approach not near;
Gallup polls, do no offence.
But all you Opportunists, come,
Requite your Statesman, sing him home
Etc.

KATHARINE DOWLING

Poor grey Prime Minister, come, hear my summons,
Leave Number 10 and London's foggy river;
Quit for a while the Party-riven Commons,
Where trouble gives you ulcers and a liver.

Just eight and thirty miles from Hyde Park Corner
I wait, as green as any maid at Girton;
Come to my arms, my love, I would not scorn a
Prime Minister that none would put a shirt on!

Sweet, I am growing old, some say historic,
And loneliness of late has quite depressed me;
Ah, in my time (not being metaphoric)
How many men have mastered and possessed me!

Come to me quickly now I'm all affection:
I may not love you after the Election!

GLORIA PRINCE

City Lights

Fibrous Growth

Lancashire was as surprised as the City by the news of a merger between Courtaulds and British Celanese—the possibility has existed for so many years that most people had given up thinking about it. Courtaulds accounts for around 75 per cent of total UK rayon production and Celanese for another 15 per cent or so. The new group will not only dominate the home market but will be the largest producer in the world.

The official statement suggests that the new group will be in a better position to resist competition at home and abroad. It is coming into existence, in fact, after two years of falling profits, at a time when plans for increasing capacity have been overtaken by the effect of severe competition on demand. At home, output has been affected by the recession in the motor industry; abroad, exports have been sharply reduced by the growth

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of competition from Japanese and European producers, some of whom are selling very much below the level of their own domestic prices. Whatever the long-term future for rayon—and for the newer synthetic fibres, which are still fairly unimportant—its position is far from happy. The merger proposals take the form of an offer by Courtaulds to acquire all Celanese's issued capital by share exchange. The terms are good enough to have caused the Celanese directors to recommend strongly that they be accepted. There is little risk that they will not be. They seem to have been worked out on the basis of relative assets rather than relative earnings, and since the earnings of Celanese are the more depressed of the two at present the offer has caused share prices to jump sharply.

* * *

The latest HP figures point Mr. Thorneycroft's admission that personal consumption is likely to rise again this year. Credit sales of household goods are still running slightly above last year's level, and the level of new credit extended by finance houses for HP purchases of motor-cars is soaring. More and more is being heard, too, about a recovery in motor-car output. Australia—traditionally the industry's best overseas market—has relaxed its restrictions at a time when home demand is recovering, dollar exports are booming and a little lost ground is being recovered in Europe. There has even been a suggestion that the industry will be short of sheet steel in the autumn and may have to resume large-scale imports. It is true that sheet orders by the motor industry, which had fallen (with motor-car production) about 40 per cent below the 1955 peak, are now about half-way back and that orders from the manufacturers of domestic appliances are rising too. It is true, too, that a number of factors—such as the use of sheet capacity for producing plates—will reduce the expected rise in sheet production this year. But stocks are high, and imports should not be necessary unless car production gets back to its 1955 level: even then, the large increases in sheet capacity expected during 1958/9 should keep imports down.

* * *

The maintenance of petrol rationing is unlikely to have a serious effect on the motor-car revival. It is certainly not going to have much effect on Shell. Shell is the standard recipe for steady capital appreciation—its assets and its profitability increase year by year, and the cost of the group's capital expenditure is met almost entirely from retained profits. There are only two worries for investors—profit margins and turnover—and the company has a neat way of disposing of both. In December, referring to the increase in costs caused by the blocking of the Canal and the interruption of the Iraq pipeline, it pointed out that increased costs would be recovered in selling prices "to the greatest extent possible": it seems to have kept its word. Now, with the year's profit figures, it declares that the impact of the closing of the Canal, confined as it was to a limited area, "was insufficient to reduce in the last quarter the rate of increase in the group's trade which had been established in the preceding period of the year." Who could want more?

* * *

Three snippets from the week's news seem worth a mention. The first is that Carreras is going to bring back Black Cat cigarettes with gift coupons, and that Ardath is thinking along the same lines. Sales of Kensitas are believed to have risen tenfold since coupons were introduced at the beginning of the year, and the cigarette war is certain to become hotter. Coupons cut into profit margains but offer the chance of an increase in sales more than enough to make up for it.

Snippet two is that Butterley, British Oxygen's only effective competitor in the manufacture of tonnage oxygen plants, is to co-operate with the US firm under whose licence it makes them to manufacture equipment and produce industrial gases in the UK, the Commonwealth and Europe. The Monopolies Commission will be pleased.

Number three is that Tangier, freed from Franco-Spanish tutelage and anxious for a substitute for its foreign exchange business, has been visited by Mr. Onassis. The result is that it is to establish a new flag of convenience with advantages over those of Liberia and Panama. It is to be hoped the advantages are not too great: Britain's dollar exports could be seriously affected.

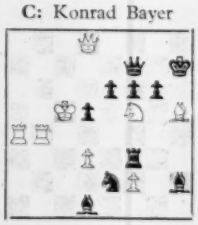
TAURUS

The Chess Board

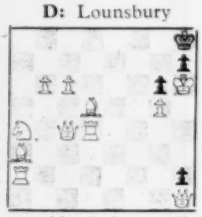
No. 388. Creative Urge

I have never understood why (outside a garden or a ploughed-up field) the creative urge should have to be seasonal. However, what with spring upon us and the sap rising, I might as well find the headline for my Easter piece in commending the creative urge of C. G. Hilton. He sent me a pretty little study, but rather than print it, I exhort competitors to emulate it by using their own creative urge to concoct a position, in which either White or Black can mate on the move. Having saved a diagram for **A**, I will use Forsyth for **B**. /rktbqkb1r/ppp1pppp/8/3p4/16/PPPPPPPP/RKtBQKB1R/. How to reach this position in 4 moves? It's a puzzle shown me by one of the foreign competitors at Hastings, but he didn't know the author. While a mere 5 points each for **A** and **B** may seem a little niggardly, I feel very generous in offering as much as 6 for **C**, particularly when adding the useful hint that, so as to achieve a very spectacular triumph, White must first get rid of almost all his bits and pieces. Actually, it is a mate in 9. Now as for **D** it can hardly be denied that White has some material advantage which, at first sight, an adjudicator may well consider sufficient for a win. But it isn't quite as easy as it looks, and competitors can earn 7 ladder-points by proving how exactly White can force the win. **E** (for 8 points) is a suimate in 6, and a very pretty one too. For the uninitiated, I had better explain that White must commit suicide, as it were, by forcing Black to mate him in 6 moves.

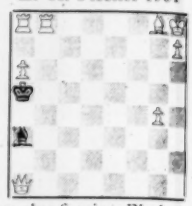
C: Konrad Bayer



D: Lounsbury



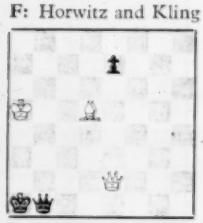
E: H. Fischer 1904



F and **G** are both wins for White and very ingenious endgame studies; not too difficult either and quite excessively rating 9 and 10 points. Moreover, I will give a most helpful hint for **F**. If that White K in his first three moves would seem to show a regrettable tendency for escapism, don't call him a coward. He has his reasons.

Usual prizes. Entries by April 29.

F: Horwitz and Kling



G: Karlinski

REPORT on No. 385 Set March 30

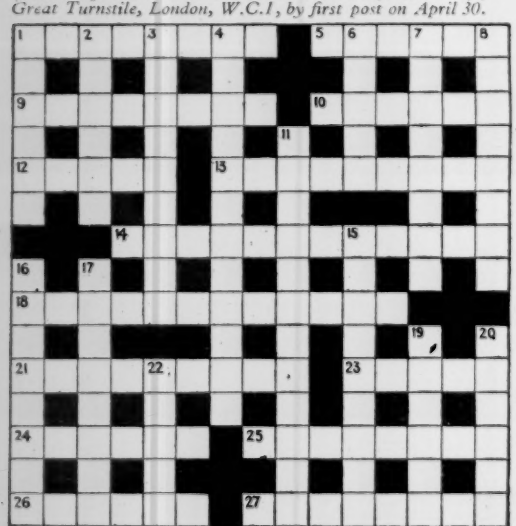
A: (20) Kt(4)-Kt5! P x Kt; (21) R x R, Q x R; (22) Kt x KP, etc.
B: (1) P-Kt7 ch, K-Kt1; (2) P-B7 ch, K x P; (3) B-R5 ch, K-Kt1; (4) B-B7 ch, K x B; (5) P-Kt6 ch, etc.
C: (1) R-K2 ch, K-B1; (2) R-K8 ch! K x R; (3) Q-KB5! B x P; (4) K-Kt5! P-Kt7; (5) Q-KR5 ch, K-Q1; (6) Q-QR5 ch, K-K1; (7) Q-KR5 ch, etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, C. Allen, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. R. Harman, C. G. Hilton.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 247

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 247, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on April 30.



ACROSS

1. Pope's reply about material broadcast (8).
5. Ancient city with a goddess in the back street (6).
9. Most cheerful and agile in the period when evenings are long (8).
10. It takes a film star to make love appear infamous (6).
12. Brings liberation, but if heart is lost, the slave appears backward (5).
13. Objectively I come twice with a variety of notes; they help me to remember (9).
14. Convert non-believers: it is a vocation with more pay (12).
18. Shooting a line, the former flying man and the sailor almost have the low-down between them (12).
21. A cleric comes about the relations for a herbalist (9).
23. "Grace me no grace, nor ——— me no ———" (*K. Richard II*) (5).
24. Overjoyed at the story being returned by the editor (6).
25. In combination Sickert and I perhaps become more tenacious (8).
26. The struggle in the night caught us sleeping (6).
27. Moulding a girl after the stars (8).

DOWN

1. Snub about a colour (6).
2. A king's friend again washes up (6).
3. Using old materials to make something new, he has disintegrated in the arena (9).
4. Civil servant who has an appointment with a lover (12).
6. Champion northern bird (5).
7. Good-nature of one in a good place to live (8).
8. The proverbially mean have taxes on people (8).
11. Solicits the devil with a little bit on a United Nations seat perhaps? (12).
15. A girl with little weight all but makes such a broadcaster (9).
16. Make the char wait on the wife (8).
17. Honest methods provide the paths of progress in sport (8).
19. Temporary performance (6).
20. Means of power which puts the favourite on the short list (6).
22. I do business in the perfect (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 245

B	R	A	S	S	I	E	■	A	B	D	O	M	E	N
E	■	N	■	M	■	D	■	S	■	R	■	A	■	O
D	E	P	E	N	D	■	S	W	I	T	H	I	N	■
E	■	U	■	R	■	Y	■	E	■	L	■	A	■	U
V	I	R	G	I	N	■	E	V	O	L	U	T	E	S
I	■	I	■	D	■	C	■	E	■	S	■	M	■	E
L	A	N	C	A	S	H	I	R	E	■	F	A	I	R
■	■	■	■	N	■	E	■	A	■	S	■	■	■	■
R	O	S	E	■	C	A	R	T	O	U	C	H	E	S
A	■	C	■	G	■	P	■	E	■	P	■	E	■	A
M	A	H	A	R	A	J	A	■	S	P	I	R	I	T
A	■	E	■	O	■	A	■	L	■	R	■	I	■	■
D	E	M	O	T	I	C	■	R	A	I	N	I	E	R
A	■	E	■	T	■	K	■	C	■	E	■	C	■	E
N	E	R	V	O	U	S	■	S	T	R	O	K	E	S

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5s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Semi-display £4 per single column inch. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

ADMINISTRATIVE Class, Home Civil Service. Supplementary Open Competition, 1957. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from first class honours graduates for about half a dozen posts. Competition open to men and women at least 24 and under 26 on August 1, 1957, with extension for service in H.M. Forces. Selection by tests and interviews at Civil Service Selection Board in London in late June, followed by final interview. Starting salary (London): £605; £665 for a man if he has done two years' compulsory Forces service. Special increase of £75 normally after two years' service. Salary scales of higher posts: £1,375—£1,950 and £2,000—£2,600. Somewhat lower outside London. Women's scales, where lower than men's, are being raised to reach equality with men's by 1961. Full particulars (including prospects of promotion) and application form from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting number 531/57/8. Completed application forms should be returned by May 16, 1957.

NATIONAL Savings Committee: Assistant Commissioners. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for about 10 pensionable posts. Age at least 21 on March 1, 1957. University education and knowledge of economics desirable. Final year university students may apply. Experience of public speaking, control of office staff and organisation of voluntary workers advantages. Men's starting salary (London): £485 at 21 to £625 at 25 or over. Maximum £1,225. Women's pay lower at present, but will reach equality with men's by 1961. Salaries outside London somewhat lower. Promotion prospects. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting 154/57/3. Completed application forms should be returned by May 2, 1957.

ROYAL Scottish Museum, Edinburgh. Assistant Keeper, Grade II. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for one pensionable post in the department of technology. Duties include supervision of engineering workshops and preparation and setting up of technological exhibits. Age at least 22 and under 26 (unless exceptionally well qualified) on August 1, 1957; age extension for Forces Service and (up to 2 years) for established civil service. Candidates must have, or obtain in summer, 1957, a first or second class honours degree in engineering or technology and have workshop or equivalent practical experience. Minimum salary, £585; men's scale maximum, £830. Women's pay above £585 slightly lower but being improved to reach equality with men's by 1961. Higher starting pay for compulsory Forces Service and approved post-graduate experience. Promotion prospects. Further particulars and application forms from the Director, Royal Scottish Museum, Chambers Street, Edinburgh, 1. Application forms should be returned by May 16, 1957.

B.B.C. requires Assistant-in-Charge, Archives, in Registry. Duties: Under general direction of Registry Supervisor, to build up a section containing B.B.C. documents and files of correspondence of prime importance to the Corporation on long-term basis and from historical point of view. Qualifications: Training and experience as in archivist and familiarity with registry techniques, particularly classifying and indexing of varied subject matter. Salary £675 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £885 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.149, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. requires two progressive Graphic Designers (in London) of professional status with considerable initiative and capable of co-ordinating work of Graphic Artists and Photographers. Work entails television titling, illustration and photographic montage. Variety of style in illustration and full knowledge of typography and photographic methods essential. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.156 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Appointment of Child Care Officer. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women over 25 years of age for the full-time post of Child Care Officer on the Staff of the Children's Officer. Salary: A.P.T. 2 £609 17s. 6d.—£691 17s. 6d. p.a. The post offers valuable experience in all aspects of work for children deprived of a normal home life, including boarding-out in the City of Leicester and the surrounding county, adoptions, preventive work and some Court work. The appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Acts and to a satisfactory medical examination. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date, May 4, 1957.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Social Anthropology. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in the Department of Social Anthropology. Candidates should have a good degree in Anthropology or Sociology, and preferably post-graduate experience of field research. Salary Scale (presently under review) £550×£50 to £650 per annum, with placement according to qualifications and experience, and with superannuation benefit and family allowance where applicable. The appointment will be from October 1, 1957, for one year in the first instance, with the possibility of renewal for a further two years. The person appointed will be required to take part in the teaching duties of the Department, and to undertake research. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be lodged by May 15, 1957. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

B.B.C. requires two progressive Graphic Artists (in London) of professional status. Work entails television titling, illustration and photographic montage. Variety of style in illustration and full knowledge of typography and photographic methods essential. Salary £790 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by five annual increments to £1,025 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.157, N. Stm.), should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

THE University of Leeds. Temporary Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Sociology. Applications are invited for a temporary appointment, for one year, as Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Sociology. The salaries are under review, but are expected to be, for a Lecturer, between £900 and £1,650 a year, and for an Assistant Lecturer between £700 and £850 a year. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than May 13, 1957.

COVENTRY Education Committee Youth Service. Applications invited for appointment as Assistant Youth Officer (Woman). Candidates should have had experience of work among young people and in Adult Education and possession of Degree, Teaching Certificate, Social Science Diploma or other appropriate Youth Service qualification desirable. Salary scale, Soulbury (Youth Service Officers) Grade II, £860×£20—£1,020 per annum, plus equal pay increments. Applic. forms & further partics. from Director of Education, New Council Offices, Coventry.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Warden of the Maryport Educational Settlement, which is a Centre for Adult Education. A graduate is preferred with ability to organise classes and social activities. Salary according to age and experience, commencing £400 to £500 per annum, and, in addition, the use of a furnished flat rent free, including lighting and heating, estimated to be equivalent to £125 per annum. Pension scheme is available. Applications, giving full details of education and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be forwarded not later than May 6, 1957, to The Warden, Maryport Educational Settlement, Castle Hill, Maryport, Cumb.

THE University of Leeds. Applications are invited for an appointment in connection with the University's publications. Salary between £400 and £580 a year. Preference will be given to those with experience in preparing material for printing and publication. Detailed applications, stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, and giving the names of two referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, not later than April 30, 1957.

STAFFORDSHIRE County Education Committee. Leek High School. Required for September 1, 1957, an Assistant Master to take Art throughout the School. Candidates are prepared for the Ordinary Level of the General Certificate of Education and there is a possibility of work to the Advanced Level. Burnham Scale. Applications to be sent to the Headmaster, together with copies of two recent testimonials and the names and addresses of two referees by April 30. Applicants should state what subsidiary subject they are prepared to offer.

RUSKIN College, Oxford. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor (man or woman) in Economics and Industrial Relations to be taken up not later than October, 1957. Present salary scale £750×£50—£1,300. F.S.S.U. superannuation scheme. Applications with three referees (quired by May 15, 1957. Full particulars and form from General Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford.

UNITED Nations Association. Secretary for universities and colleges and of U.N.A.'s Student Association. Salary £500×£25 to £600. Speaker and organiser. Send fscp. s.a.e. for form & conditions fr. 25 Charles St., W.1.

LATIN, History, Geography, Biology to G.C.E. Teacher of 2 (or more) of these subjects wanted September. Recognised London Co-Ed. School. Full Burnham, Superannuation. Scope for initiative. Box 1918.

URGENTLY wanted, young res. Master (Latin, Gen. subjects, Games, etc.). Small prep. school, Wilts. Box 1917.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

KENT Children's Committee requires Senior Child Care Officer (Man or Woman). Salary within scale £656 to £784 (A.P.T. III). Post includes work of administration and organisation for a large area and responsibility for guiding case work. Further particulars and application form from Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone. Closing date April 29, 1957.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced men and women for the following posts: Senior Children's Visitor. Applicants should hold a Social Science Degree or Certificate and/or the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, and should have had casework experience. The Officer appointed will be responsible for the work of other Visitors on his/her area. Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T. III—£656 to £784 2s. 6d. Children's Visitors. Vacancies due to increased establishment. Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T. II, £609 17s. 6d. to £691 17s. 6d., plus £20 temporary excess rate. Applicants should hold University qualification in Social Science and/or the Home Office Certificate in Child Care. Successful candidates possessing the Home Office Certificate will be appointed at the first incremental point within the salary scale. Male applicants qualified to supervise senior boys may be considered for Grade A.P.T. III. Further particulars from the Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham 3. P.O. Box 93. Closing date for applications May 10, 1957.

AMENDED Advertisement. Coventry Education Committee. Youth Service. Applications invited for appointment as Assistant Youth Officer (man or woman). Candidates should have had experience of work amongst young people and in Adult Education and possession of Degree, Teaching Certificate, Social Science Diploma or other appropriate youth service qualification is essential. Salary Scale, Soulbury (Youth Service Officers) Grade II (men, £950×£25—£1,150; women, £860×£20—£1,020 plus equal pay increment). Application forms and further particulars from Director of Education, New Council Offices, Coventry.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council Health Department. Applications are invited for the post of Trained and Experienced Family Case Worker (man or woman) with Social Science qualifications for intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Salary £543 5s. rising to £625 5s. per annum. The post is superannuable and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees, should be sent to The County Medical Officer, County Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, as soon as possible.

THE National Association of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies (Inc.) are about to appoint an additional Welfare Officer at H.M. Prisons, Birmingham and Liverpool. Only those with the necessary qualifications and experience in social work will be considered. The salary will be comparable to that which applies to members of the Probation Service. Further details and forms of application may be obtained from The General Secretary, N.A.D.P.A.S., 66 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1, and must be returned not later than May 11, 1957.

PEARTREE Boys' Club, Welwyn Garden City. Applications are invited for the full-time post of Warden to this large, well-established Boys' Club, which has its own premises in the centre of a growing New Town. The post offers considerable interest and scope to an experienced man, who should be able to co-operate with a Girls' Club which shares the premises. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience. Housing accommodation will be available. Applications, stating age, present position, salary, education, qualifications and reasons for applying, with names and addresses of three referees, to be sent to The Chairman, Peartree Boys' Club, 4 Wigmores South, Welwyn Garden City, Herts., before April 30, 1957.

CITY of Leicester Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist in the School Psychological Service (man preferred). Duties include educational and clinical work and afford much scope. Candidates will be expected to possess a degree in psychology, practical training in child psychology and to have had full-time teaching experience. Ability to lecture an asset. Salary in accordance with Grade I of the Educational Psychologists' Scale. Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the undersigned quoting Reference 444C. Completed applications should be returned to this office not later than fourteen days after the appearance of this advertisement. Elfed Thomas, Director of Education, Newarke Street, Leicester.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Resident Supervisor required at Remand Home for 40 boys (Junior and Senior) at Boyles Court, Brentwood. Duties include supervision of boys' occupations (including gardening), and leisure activities and generally assist with the running of the Home. Salary scale £461 5s. ×£15 7s. 6d.—£522 15s., less £115 16s. 6d. emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

MADRID—The Mangold Institute, Spain's leading language centre, reqs. for October 1957, Teachers of English with knowl. of Spanish. Apply: Apartado 839, Madrid.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. initially for child guidance work at Hounslow Child Guidance Centre. Mental Health Cert. of L.S.E. or approved equiv. & experience essential. Prescribed conditions, P.T.A. salary. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Borough Education Officer, 6 Lampton Rd., Hounslow. Returnable by May 20. (Quote U.971, N.S.N.) Canvassing disqualifies.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Psychotherapist reqd. Hounslow Child Guidance Centre, for 4 sessions p. wk. Hons. degree in Psychology with recognised training & or equiv. exper. in Child Psychotherapy. £2 2s. p. three-hr. session (under review). Prescribed conditions. Applica. forms from Chief Educ. Officer, 10 Great George St., Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by May 10. (Quote U.968, N.S.N.)

FIRST Feathers Club, N. Kensington. Youth leader, experienced, required August or September for mixed youth club with junior section. Married couple, both qualified, would be considered. Third Feathers Club, Chelsea. Boys' club leader, part-time, required three or four evenings each week to help in mixed club and be entirely responsible for boys' activities. For further details apply stating experience and qualifications to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., London, N.W.8.

ADVENTURE Playground, St. John's Wood. Full-time Warden required from July. New small playground—suggested age range 5-12. Experience with children essential. Good salary on rising scale. Superannuation scheme. Applications with 3 references to Mrs. Howard, 57 North Gate, N.W.8.

PIONEER Worker (personal service and community build-up) for outlying housing estate. Flat provided. Early appointment and overlap with present worker desired. Partics.: University Settlement, Bristol, 5.

ENGLISH for Foreigners. Residential teachers, male or female, for Summer Schools, Guildford, Redhill, Broadstairs. Interesting work, good salary offered. State experience available. Ede, Austin House Chambers, Guildford.

WORKERS' Educational Association—South-Western District. Applications are invited for the post of Organising Tutor for the area of Mid-Cornwall. Salary scale £550-£900; commencing salary according to experience. Further particulars and application form may be obtained from the District Sec., W.E.A., 1 Portland Square, Plymouth.

WEDDED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists, partially housebound, yearning to earn, can collect 32s. per day 10-5, £8 for 30-hour week: more hours, more pay, from Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

RURAL Industries Bureau invite applications from girls and young women for appointment as assistant to Writer-Photographer. Main duties are enlarging, copying, slide-making, indexing and the preparation of material for publication. Apply by letter to Secretary, 35 Camp Road, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

SHT. Typists for interesting work, weekly or by hour or day. GER. 0163.

ASSISTANT Secretary, Bedding & Upholstery Manufacturers. Shorthand-typing but no other experience necessary. Interesting position, 5-day week. Excellent offices. Salary commensurate with ability and experience. Tel. SHO 6231 for appointment.

A PRIVATE Secretary to Sales Director of Bedding & Upholstery Manufacturers. Interesting position, 5-day week. Excellent offices. Salary commensurate with ability and experience. Tel. SHO. 6231 for appointment.

OVER 50's. Sales ledger book-keeping, simple, uncomplicated. Office off Piccadilly Stn. 5 days, holidays arrangts. respected. Manager hates chattering, but courteous & understanding. Box 1988.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

TWO women exp. admin., clerical, organisational work, seek joint post. Competent take charge. Offers? Box 1777.

HONOURS graduate London (m.), seeks post where knowledge of languages and phonetics can be used. Fluent Russian, French, Burmese, German. Knowl. Ital., Serb-Croat. Trained phonetician. Box 1860.

HIGHLY adaptable woman, just under forty, wants job, organising, writing, editing, research, where hard work and ability to get on with it more important than long hours (family). Box 1883.

SECRETARY (middle-aged) seeks non-resident post London or Southern town. Exper. author, biographer, admin. Box 1845.

ACCOUNTANT/Bookkeeper, 25 yrs.' exper., reqs. free-lance wk. Lond. Box 1773.

MAN wants job. London. Please reply Box 2013.

YOUNG man 21, Publ. Schl. educ., urgently requires job, go anywhere, anything considered; has completed Nat. Serv. Box 1961.

CONFERENCE & Cttee. reporters, duplictg. specialists &c. ARC 1765/MOU 1701.

MEMORIAL FUND

GEORGE Russell (AE) Memorial Fund. The Fund was established to foster literature in Ireland as a memorial to the late George Russell (AE) in gratitude for the dedication of his great gifts to Ireland. Awards are made periodically from the Fund in recognition of published or unpublished work, creative or scholarly, which, in the opinion of the Advisory Committee, is of a high standard of merit. Awards may also be made for similar work planned, although not yet completed. An Award of £100 is offered for the year 1957. Candidates must be of Irish birth and ordinarily resident in any part of Ireland, and must not have attained the age of 35 years on January 1, 1957. Application forms (obtainable from the Trustee), together with three copies of the work or works submitted should be forwarded on or before October 1, 1957, to the Trustee of the Fund: Bank of Ireland, Trustee Department, College Green, Dublin.

PERSONAL

DUTCHMAN, 38, wishes to spend his holidays in English family circle to practise his English. Who has accommodation? Write to: P. Tibbesma, 290 Marnixstraat, Amsterdam, Holland.

YOUNG lady (21) working at dress designing seeks intelligent young lady as companion for summer holidays, England or Continent, first 2 weeks August. Box 1804.

NORFOLK Broads cabin cruiser June 29. Vacs. in London party. £8 ea. Box 1998.

WRITER and artist seek girl spend summer herding small child and animals in remote Suffolk cottage near coast. Own child no objection. Seymour, Orford, Woodbridge.

OXFORD undergrad. (f.) sks. interesting job, summer vac. Box 1985.

SOVIET Union. Teachers exchange holiday. Cost approximately £80 for three weeks including air travel. Box 1775.

CHILD-minder wanted once weekly Regents Park 4 or 5 p.m. for whole evening. Two boys 8 and 5. Box 1862.

YNG. lady wants hol. abroad with party or indivs. July 27/Sept. 8. Box 2004.

NEW Forest. Caravan, furnished 2-3. Beautiful private site. Leek, Godshill, Fordingbridge.

EXCH. convtd. windmill, Notts, 5 beds., for unusual hol., Aug. 10-24. Box 1778.

ST. Paul de Vence (South France), easy reach Nice, furn. cottage, 4 rooms, kit., bath, w.c., gas, elec., frig. Sea 5 mls. 25,000 francs monthly exc. July/Aug. Write owner, Chambari, 29bis, Boulevard de Cambrai, Nice.

ENGLISH couple offer bed & breakfast (Engl.) in mod. panoramic flat overlkg. Palma Bay. Write: Sieve, Calle Tenient Mulet 93, El Terreno, Palma de Mallorca.

COUPLE, baby, camping S. France 3 wks. June minimum cost, will join forces similar couple or single girl. Box 1889.

IMPECUNIOUS family 4-bedroomed house Wimbledon would like to exchange similar accommodation holiday seaside. Box 1890.

COSTA BRAVA. Villas & flats to let at Blanes. Half-months available but August is full up. Details: Dr. C. J. Cooper, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

E. DORSET. 2 bchlrs. offer priv. acc. mod. cott., on Downs o'lkg. sea. Box 1894.

GRADUATE, bach. (27), desires serve author or anyone travelling widely as secretary cum valet cum companion. Box 1896.

MAN (28) interested socialist politics, music (especially opera), theatre, amateur acting, tennis and motoring (car-owner) seeks similar for holiday plans. Box 1631.

THEATRE. Authors desire backing for London prodn. of new play. Tried out last week in Rep. Success. Any offers to jump on bandwaggon with us? Box 1869.

ACCOM. wanted, few London children, 8-12 yrs., 2 wks. August. Own catering. School, hut, vac. cott., similar, cooking fac., may suit. South pref. Box 1902.

ITALIAN schoolmaster Grammar School, Milan, seeks this summer exchange hospitality London; mutual language tuition; preferably male. Box 1908.

COSTA Brava. Few vacancies villa, July. £5 each, weekly, inclus. Box 1936.

FRANCE, Spain. 15-day casual camp tours: dep. July 27 and Aug. 17. Box 1943.

BACHELOR, early 30's, would like on monthly visits to London to stay with young modern married couple. Reply to B.C.M. Hermes, London, W.C.1.

MAN (37) sks. companion (m.) holiday France or Belgium, early July. Box 1841.

COTE d'Azur: Antibes. Furn. accom., own kit. Nr. market, sea. Box 1793.

VETERAN Vinophiles: don't dissipate your energies now. Specialise. One branch of study we can recommend is that of Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry. One of the rewards of scholarship.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts. through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

"THE Poetry of Romantic Love"; living research group, May 10, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

PERSONAL—continued

PAINTING HOLIDAYS
from £33 15s.

SPAIN, ITALY, YUGOSLAVIA
FRANCE
15 days fully inclusive

ENGLISH PAINTING HOLIDAYS
from £9 5s.

Write or call for Brochure,
LONDON ATELIER, 1 Manchester Square, London, W.1. WEL. 9591.

These holidays are for those who have never painted or drawn before.

COSTA BRAVA-MAJORCA-IBIZA

Air Passages and Hotels available, also

favourable rate Spanish Pesetas.

OLIVERS, 16, Cork St., Mayfair, London, W.1.

TOURS TO HUNGARY

have started again! Visiting
BUDAPEST AND LAKE BALATON.
Fourteen days £52 inclusive.
Send 2d. stamp to
PROGRESSIVE TOURS, LTD.,
100a Rochester Row, S.W.1.
Phone TATe Gallery 2152.

HOLIDAYS Abroad. Grand 15-day Motor Coach Tour of Italy (by air to Basle) organised by the Gondrand Organisation (over 50 offices in Italy), cost £52 10s. Itinerary includes Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples and Capri. Venice-Lido Jesolo, 15 days' holiday in newly built hotels on the beach; by air to Milan, cost £39 3s. 5d., by train to Venice, £30 9s. 3d. (July and August £3 more). Italian Riviera, 15 days holiday on sun-drenched beach, cost £31 8s. 3d. Dolomites & Venice-Lido Jesolo, one week in each, cost £33 1s. 6d. (July and August £3 more). This two-centre holiday combines the Alps with the Queen of the Adriatic. For further details of these and other attractive holidays write to Gondrand Tours (Dept. NS), 31 Creechurch Lane, London, E.C.3. Tel. Ave. 1433.

HOUSE Party Holidays: our house parties for professional people offer caretree informal holidays at reasonable cost. They are held at attractive centres by the sea in Britain (Sussex, Cornwall, Wales), at Vevey, Lake Geneva, in the Austrian Tyrol, Sweden and the Italian Riviera. Opportunities for foreign language practice and tuition. Special family reductions and supervision of children. Costs from 8gns. in Britain, £28 10s. abroad. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

POSITANO Art Workshop, Italy, 1957. 5th Year. Session May-Oct. Ideal Art Holiday in picturesque fishing village on Neapolitan coast. Studio classes in painting, sculpture and crafts. Participation in social life and all activities of the workshop. Terms with instruction and pension £14 15s. per week (minimum three weeks.) Apply Box 1800 or Millbank Travel Agency, 175 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

ASK Allways to give you a quotation for your independent holiday and benefit from their experience. You will save yourself both time and money. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Ave., London, W.C.1. CHAncery 6436-7.

HUNGARY this year. Limited number of vacancies available in Party leaving August 11, cost £48 for 14 days. Full details from International Friendship League, 3 Cromwell Rd., London, S.W.7.

UNLIMITED sun, wine & good food offered by Hedonistic English couple in fishing village near Malaga. BAY. 3981. 108 Kensington Church Street, W.8.

NEW Vistas—1957 by Rail and/or Air. Escorted travel—independent holiday. Spain, Andorra, Portugal, Tangiers, Malta, Maderia, Norway, etc. "New Vistas" Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

CONTINENTAL holidays by air, coach or rail, not mass-produced but with individual attention to both travel and hotels. Before you decide, see our booklet covering all European countries. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Tel. WHI. 4114/5.

GOOD companions who wish to join holiday parties, say where and when. Also car seats wanted for paying passengers. Write Holiday Services, 25 Wormwood St., E.C.2.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8642.

OXWICH Bay Children's Camp, August, 4 gns. p.w. Ages 11-17. Tony Gibson, 52 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 7573.

PERSONAL—continued

CONFERENCES, travel agencies, etc., offered accommodation in former modern hotel, now University Hall of Residence. 83 single and 24 double rooms, mainly private bath. Central heating, h. & c. all rooms, lifts. Lounges, conference hall-ballroom, garden, tennis, putting. Vacancies December 28, 1957 to January 6, 1958; March 22 to April 20; July 7 to September 11, 1958. Inquiries to Matron, Halliday Hall, South Side (Clapham Common), London, S.W.4.

ENGL. lessons: G.C.E. all levels and foreigners. Exp. Oxf. grad. SPE. 8032.

MATHS. & Physics. Graduate will coach for G.C.E. & Inter. B.Sc. MAC. 7968.

WILL youngish Graduate give occas. coaching in History and if possible a little Latin, for mod. payment? Box 1994.

LYRICS & Sketches wtd. for Irving Non-Stop Revue, Irving Theatre, Leic. Sq.

£2,000 will buy annuity of £450 p.a. Or £3,500—£800 for ten years. Lobstein, Jordans, Bucks.

FOREIGN Girls, domesticated and willing, immed. available. Eductour. KNI. 4132.

"AU Pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, available. Eductour. KEN. 8806.

PAYING guests acc. & exchanges in gd. fam. wanted for Continental children/students. W. End, seaside, entry. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd. S.W.7. KNI. 4132 KEN 8806.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., S.W.3. SLO. 3141.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. Thanet House School, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

THAMES Motor Cruiser, 2-berth. For holiday hire from £6 wkly. Box 1037.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WESTern 5209.

VITAL Community meets to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. Write Sec., Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.1.

KNOW-How means Writing Success for You. No Sale—No Fees Tuition. Free N.2. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now available 1s. post free. Welfare Advisory Centre (CU), 123 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

SPEECHES written, dinners, weddings, &c. Bainbridge, 5 Stanlake Villas, W.12.

HUMANISM is an outlook for persons who think. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W.8.

NERVOUS tension relieved by nerve manipulation. A relaxing and invigorating treatment of proved value in cases of strain and stress, exhaustion, nervous tension, irritability, anxiety, insomnia, fatigue and physical debility. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure. Rec. by medical profession.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd. S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

TO those of you who appreciate good clothes, we offer a Savile Row cut suit. Individually fitted & tailored by hand, in pure worsted materials, from as low as 22gns. Roberts, 10 Lower John St., W.1. GER. 4085.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

A Lonely Blonde delights in Burgess' Anchovy paste on buttered toast.

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